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*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

On Sunday 28 January consternation was caused by the publication of a despatch from General Buller announcing not only that after the withdrawal from Spion Kop he decided not to order a second attack for its recovery, but that the enemy's right being too strong to allow him to force it he had decided to withdraw Sir Charles Warren's force to the South of the Tugela. The withdrawal was completed early on the morning of Saturday 27 January without loss of men or stores. General Buller had stated that the actual abandonment of Spion Kop was decided on by the officer succeeding Major-General Woodgate who was wounded, but he did not give his name. A telegram from General Buller on 31 January stated that the officer was Colonel Thorneycroft whose personal gallantry had saved a difficult situation and that under a loss of at least 40 per cent. he directed the defence with conspicuous courage and ability, and no blame whatever was attributable to him for the withdrawal. The published list of the casualties shows a loss of 595. An unofficial list of the Press Association puts the total British casualties during the war including those at Spion Kop and Venter's Spruit at 9,660. The most important news from the southern frontier is that General Kelly-Kenny has occupied Thebus on the railway between Steynsburg and Rosmead Junction and may soon join hands with General Gatacre.

Until Lord Rosebery electrified a languid assembly by his dramatic periods, the opening of the session in the House of Lords was the dreariest function imaginable. Lord Kimberley made a good speech, full of damaging points against the Government: but he has dropped so completely into the habit of whispering across the table at Lord Salisbury that the effort to hear him was painful. With grave authority he complained of Mr. Chamberlain's incursions into the field of diplomacy, and he subjected the speeches of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Brodrick to a searching analysis. If the Government had been "deceived" he wanted to know by whom? Lord Wolseley, who was sitting behind the Prince of Wales on the cross-benches, made no sign.

Lord Kimberley ridiculed the notion that the Government knew no more than the man in the street, and he warmly repudiated the suggestion that, had the Government asked for men and money in the summer, they would have been refused by the Opposition.

Surely a Prime Minister never missed an opportunity so completely as did Lord Salisbury on Tuesday. It is impossible to deny that his speech was wholly inadequate to the occasion, so inadequate indeed as to produce the most painful disappointment. At the outset Lord Salisbury struck a jarring note when he tried to prove that the unchecked importation of arms into the Transvaal was due to the omission from the Conventions of 1881 and 1884 of any clauses prohibiting such importation. At such an hour as this we are impatient of arguments which contend that if it had not been for the errors of a Liberal Government fifteen years ago we should not now be in a position described by Lord Salisbury as "full of humiliation." That the Government was not officially informed of the Boer armaments and had not sufficient evidence on which to ask for the support of the House of Commons in counter preparations was flatly contradicted a few minutes later by Lord Lansdowne, who declared that the information supplied by the Intelligence Department was full and accurate.

The most painful part of the Prime Minister's speech was that in which he threw the blame of our present troubles on the working of the British Constitution, "which is not a good fighting machine." As an observation of political science, we should say the remark was true—but in this case, the speaker's own position of power falsified its application to the crisis he was discussing. It appears that we have not got enough secret service money to buy information, and that the control of the Treasury over all the other departments of Government is "not for the public benefit." Then why allow such hurtful control? But if Lord Salisbury lost his opportunity Lord Rosebery seized his. Springing from the corner seat below the Government bench, Lord Rosebery advanced to the table without a note or document of any kind, and in ringing tones denounced the cynical inadequacy of Lord Salisbury's speech. The effect was magical: in an instant a bored and disappointed House was transformed into an animated assembly. If you had not official information of the Boer preparations, said Lord Rosebery, dismiss Mr. Conyngham Greene! England and Europe are anxiously

awaiting the utterance of the Prime Minister, exclaimed the orator, and we are told that the one thing needful is more secret service money! It was all very effective, and few would deny that on Tuesday Lord Rosebery showed himself to be the man of the moment.

Lord Salisbury's subsequent explanation of his remarks on the Treasury and its influence on departmental administration makes them merely irrelevant. If neither the Chancellor of the Exchequer nor the Treasury had "refused anything which the War Office or the Admiralty thought necessary to the public service," criticism of the Treasury's general attitude was not to the point in a debate on the war. For ourselves we are agreeably surprised at this vindication of the Treasury, for we have always believed that its influence on departmental administration was hurtful, was in fact exactly what Lord Salisbury and Lord Kimberley agree in terming it—in matters external to this war.

It was what the Americans would call "real smart" on the part of the Opposition to select Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice to move the ex-official amendment to the Address. As everybody knows, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is not in a position to lean very heavily on the shortcomings of the War Office. Lord Lansdowne's brother was therefore the very man for the job; and as might have been expected Lord Edmond's case was that the Government had unexpectedly and without due notice put upon the War Office a burthen for which it had not been organised, and which was consequently beyond its capacity. Did not the suggestion impute disloyalty to Lord Lansdowne, we should be inclined to imagine that certain passages of the speech had been concocted by the brothers in concert. But whether Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice was or was not the bonnet of Lord Lansdowne, it is clear that if his main contention be true, namely, that a task beyond its power has been imposed upon the War Office, the sooner this institution is overhauled and re-organised the better.

Apart from the selection of the mover, the Opposition have committed a serious tactical blunder in bringing forward an amendment at all. Sir Charles Dilke and other free lances below the gangway might do as they please. But Tuesday's amendment was settled and supported by the leaders of Opposition. It is therefore due to these statesmen that a great national crisis has been depressed to the level of an ordinary party skirmish, and that the country is profoundly disgusted with the whole affair. And like most blunders it was unnecessary. The Opposition leaders might have criticised the Government with as much freedom and at as great length as they pleased in the debate upon the Address, and they would have been reinforced by a considerable number of Ministerialists. By moving an amendment they silenced the supporters of the Government in the House, and alienated the public outside.

Mr. Balfour's speech showed that he recognised the mistake he made in his Manchester speeches of underestimating the gravity of the situation. Even yet however, as is shown by his attempt to convict Sir H. of Campbell-Bannerman's readiness to support the war only so long as our territories are invaded, he is too intent on scoring debating society or Nisi Prius points. The attempt to prove the Opposition leader to be in opposition to the general determination of the country might pass in ordinary times. But all the value the debates in either House had or could have was to emphasise the determination not to let party criticism obscure the only essential questions, the necessity and the means of prosecuting the war to a satisfactory conclusion. It was a complete mistake to endeavour to quibble Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman into maintaining a policy falling short of this.

Certainly the most remarkable part of Mr. Balfour's defence was the clear and unreserved language in which he threw the whole blame for the military situation upon the military advisers of the Government. Like Lord Lansdowne in another place Mr. Balfour admitted that the Intelligence Department had supplied the War

Office with ample and approximately accurate information as to the numbers and armaments of the Boers, though he had not the hardihood like Lord Lansdowne to assert that the Government had taken adequate measures for the protection of our Colonies. But, said Mr. Balfour, the number of troops which the Government despatched actually exceeded those which their War Office advisers assured the Cabinet would be more than sufficient. This is the root of the whole matter, and so terrible a charge against the competence of our highest military experts must be met, when the time comes, by an inquiry conducted by both Houses of Parliament.

Mr. Wyndham was the first to "dispel the gloom," as Sir Edward Grey testified, which hung over this unfortunate debate, a feat Sir Edward himself conspicuously failed to accomplish. Undoubtedly Mr. Wyndham had a great opportunity and he took it. In a speech, which made an impression on the House comparable to the effect produced in time past by speeches of Lord Curzon—it was on no lower plane of oratory—Mr. Wyndham made out a real case for the War Office; the success of his pleading being largely due to his candour (which was also sagacity) in admitting that there was a case to meet. He did not waste time in mere party fence, but quietly set out facts and figures with the meaning which they carried for the speaker. Above all it was evident that Mr. Wyndham, apparently alone of all the Ministers, is aware that the country expected more from Parliament and the Government than this debate had produced. Sir Edward Grey, on the other hand, to whom everyone had been looking for a great lift in the level of debate, was a sad disappointment. Wooden in style, his speech was that of a man who, as he admitted, was afraid of "alienating some friends and wounding the susceptibilities of opponents." Indeed, how could a man say anything satisfactory who was giving his support to a vote of no confidence in a Government whose policy he did not wish to reverse?

Sir Alfred Milner's despatch of 30 November published in the South African Blue Book issued by the Colonial Office on Tuesday is a complete answer to the charges founded upon Mr. Molteno's account of the interview in which he was represented to have declared his policy towards the South African Republic. This interview, as reported in the "Daily Chronicle" in its unregenerate days, Sir Alfred shows to be an utterly misleading, and one cannot help thinking an intentionally misleading, perversion of the views actually expressed. In particular his alleged expression of determination to break the power of Afrikanerism is shown to have been the rendering of the statement that he should be as much opposed to any attempt at predominance of non-Dutch over the Dutch as he was to the Dutch Oligarchy in the Transvaal. He disclaims the spirit of arrogance and egoism which the imputed words would have implied. He shows also that if anyone minimised the effects of a war it was Mr. Molteno and not himself; and his reply to the misrepresentation that he and the Government were contending for the interests of the capitalists is complete.

Dr. Leyds was in Paris when the news of the abandonment of Spion Kop became known and in Berlin two days later. His influence is writ large on the comments of the French and German papers. In Paris the popular view was that the facts of the capture and abandonment of Spion Kop were known at one and the same time and that information as to the abandonment was kept back to tranquillise public opinion. The "Liberté" hit upon a more sinister motive. "It was to pave the way for the traditional fortnightly Bourse device which English financiers have been practising among us since the beginning of the war." Before the abandonment of Spion Kop the Vienna "Neue Freie Presse" thought Dr. Leyds might secure mediation on behalf of the Boers and the latter would no longer insist "on driving the English out of South Africa." As Lord Rosebery said in his speech on the Address, it is desirable to know some small part of what the foreign press says about us. Lord Rosebery seldom fails in attention to the press and to the gallery.



The returns of the Senatorial elections in France show that the position of the Republican majority in the Senate remains practically what it was before the re-election of one-third of its new members. If it thus appears that the Republic may rely on the votes of a certain class of electors it is yet extremely doubtful whether they are influenced by love of the Republic for itself in a higher degree than the general body of the electors. It is much more likely that they see no other alternative than to accept it for whatever it is worth and this is not surprising considering what is offered to them in its place. They may be waiting for the man but as yet the man shows no sign of appearing. The Nationalists gain a representation of three members one of whom is the notorious General Mercier; but this is a small leaven of the lump of ninety-nine members returned. Only one other military officer besides General Mercier was returned, but several candidates who supported the action of the High Court were defeated, and on the whole the anti-Republicans generally are inclined to be somewhat jubilant at their success.

Almost simultaneously the French Naval Defence Bill and the German Navy Bill have been published in the rival countries; for we must take the naval rivalry of France and Germany into account as a factor in these proposals as well as the feeling in both cases against England. France is proposing to spend a sum of £41,000,000 and Germany a sum of over £93,000,000 on building and arming new ships and the construction of docks and harbours and other naval works. The building of new ships is the chief object of Germany while France is rather contemplating the creation of coaling stations, and the construction of coast defences and new arsenals; but the augmentation of the fleet is also a large item in the proposed expenditure. It is proposed by the German Bill to extend this expenditure over a period of sixteen years with a maximum expenditure each year as under the old Navy Act, and there is to be no increase of the indirect taxes upon articles consumed by the masses. The French expenditure is to be spread over seven years but it is intended to meet it without new loans or fresh taxation.

German officials have developed their skill in being offensive and insolent into a fine art. The Governor of Cologne, General Baron von Wilczek, on the Emperor's birthday combined the usual panegyrics on his Majesty and the glorification of the German army with what can only be described as outrageous references to England. The tone and innuendoes of the speech were a deliberate insult and its Pecksniffian hypocrisy nauseous. "We witness with surprise" he said "a nation and a State which has hitherto occupied such a splendid position essaying great enterprises in a thoughtless manner and almost bleeding to death in the effort. These men of kindred race must enjoy our sympathies." That we certainly do not. But the climax of insolence was reached in the following passage "Let us above all keep ourselves free from arrogance, from an excessive estimate of ourselves, from disrespect towards our neighbours, and—what else shall I say? from unworthy greed without which the catalogue would not be complete." Loud and long-continued cheers greeted this newest version of the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican.

All the reports as to the abdication or deposition of the Emperor of China appear to minimise its probable effect on China itself and on the attitude of the European Powers. There is no news of the disturbances which were predicted much less of anything in the nature of a rebellion. Naturally in affairs so obscure as those of China such a coup d'état might have been followed by serious consequences, and Russia at least is said to have been preparing several months ago and to have increased her troops at Port Arthur in anticipation of what might happen. If it is destined to have any considerable influence on Chinese affairs and the relations of the European Powers it is impossible to predict what it will be. More probably the ultimate fate of China will be quite unaffected by it,

and the situation, as the "Neue Freie Presse" puts it, expressing what appears to be German opinion, remain for a long time what it has been for many years past. That appears to be really all that can be said on the matter at present.

The secret edict of the Empress Dowager to the Viceroy and Governors of the maritime and Yang-tsze provinces issued so long ago as last November shows that she was then putting in train the events which have led to the deposition of the Emperor. She appeals to the anti-foreign sentiment and urges resistance against further attempts of the European Powers who "cast upon us looks of tiger-like voracity, hustling each other to endeavour to be the first to seize upon our innermost territories." It is as the representative of the principle of "China for the Chinese" against all reformers and whoever would make terms with foreigners, that she exhorts the Provincial Governors to aid the Imperial Government in resisting further aggressions; this clever and imperious lady's meaning being of course "l'état c'est moi." Her exhortations to them to make war on their own initiative against the foreigners who will try to repeat the raids of Germany, France and Italy—Great Britain and Russia being kindly omitted—are however nothing but a burlesque of any real plan of national resistance.

There is no doubt that the entry of Mr. Bourke Cokran into the field on behalf of Mr. Bryan is a serious matter for the Republican party. Mr. Cokran deserted the Democrats at the last election on the Currency question. The fact that he has determined to support Mr. Bryan this time may be taken as indicating that the gold standard will not figure prominently among the objects of Mr. Bryan's attack. As we have pointed out for a long time, the President's foreign policy has excited the most bitter resentment and no adequate apprehension of the feeling reaches this country by the ordinary channels. At the present time he is vacillating with regard to the "open door" in the Philippines and the last move is the establishment of a "moderate" tariff. Unfortunately English sympathy for American Imperialism has been so demonstrative that we are identified in the Southern and Western States, where Mr. Bryan's most violent supporters abound, with all the President's mistakes and entanglements. Mr. Cokran will push the anti-English ticket for all it is worth as he is an Irishman by origin and an electioneer by instinct as well as a notable orator. New York has shown itself cold enough to Mr. Bryan on his recent visit, but New York is no more America than London is England.

The new Queen's Counsel make one of the best lists of members of the Bar whom it has fallen to Lord Halsbury's lot to recommend for the still highly considered distinction of a silk gown. Of late years silk gowns have been given far too liberally; and probably few moderately reasonable applications are refused. Strange names have been for a moment lifted out of the obscurity into which they have fallen again speedily, the new dignity notwithstanding. Though successful legal practice ought always to constitute the chief claims to promotion, yet political and other suitable distinction, unless absolutely dissociated from legal qualifications, is quite entitled to this professional cachet. But the profession is rightly indignant when the mere fact, say, of having contested an election or having rendered some very trifling service to a person in authority is regarded as sufficient recommendation. It is only fair to say that the practice of apparently indiscriminate recommendations did not commence under the present occupant of the woolsack.

The Archbishop of Canterbury's speech to a deputation at Lambeth on the subject of old age pensions is one of the weightiest contributions that have been made to the discussion of this subject. The Primate thinks that an experiment should be made on the basis of Mr. Charles Booth's scheme, and he has evidently considered all the objections, including the cost, which he recognises as the greatest difficulty especially in the

present circumstances of the nation. This however he does not hesitate to say we could bear; and he believes it would be possible to persuade the country into accepting the duty if the moral objections to the scheme can be shown to be groundless, as in his opinion they can. The Archbishop states the position thus—"We cannot say that wages have risen to the point at which it is possible to call upon all wage-earners to provide absolutely for the weaknesses and demands of old age or of broken health. One class of old people require more to keep them alive than their labour is worth, and therefore on ordinary economical principles they cannot earn sufficient for subsistence. Another class of people are never from the beginning quite able to do so from bodily defects." It is quite possible to set up some such test scheme as that which seeks to utilise the Friendly Societies, but the Archbishop's argument is irresistible that as the position is so exceptional attempts at discrimination will have to be abandoned.

The Charity Organisation Society summoned a conference on Monday to hear, as usual, a paper from its secretary, this time on the question of overcrowding. Consistently with the philosophy of his society that everything can be done by doing nothing, Mr. Loch propounded unrestricted competition as the panacea for the evils competition mainly had induced. Mr. Loch is a social homœopath, and in their pettiness his remedies inevitably suggest the pilules of the homœopathic school of medical men. It is true an extension of electric railways was also advised. Of the real disease, which is just the absence of house accommodation for the people, the Secretary of the C.O.S. seems to be unconscious. We shall get no further in the solution of this, the most pressing of social problems in London, until they who take upon themselves to teach the world what it ought to do have learnt that what is wanted is simply more house-room on a scale that will overtake the demand. And, as we have said before, we believe that only the Government can take this matter in hand effectively.

A "Times" correspondent describes a visit to Palermo recently paid by certain English physicians, amongst them Drs. Manson and Cautlie, of the London Tropical School. The object of the visit was to inspect two "malaria farms" where researches have been conducted to turn to practical account Major Ross' now well-known discovery of the agency of the mosquito *Anopheles* in propagating malaria in man. At these farms according as various precautions against the insect are taken or not malaria does or does not exist. It has been found that a spoonful of petroleum destroys the larvæ in a square yard of the kind of stagnant water in which the insect is produced. The oil used in connexion with drainage may be useful over large areas. Possibly the practical methods now being studied at Palermo may result in solving the important problem of enabling white men to live in districts now impossible for continued residence.

Business men naturally took a depressed view of things on Monday morning owing to the news of the retreat to the south of the Tugela river, which was officially announced on Sunday. This retreat was naturally interpreted to mean that General Buller had abandoned as impossible the task of relieving Ladysmith. As the week wore on markets improved steadily, a noticeable feature being the buying of Foreigners and Kaffirs by Paris and Berlin. On Wednesday appeared the report of the remarkable speech of General Buller to his troops, which was to a certain extent confirmed by statements from sources purporting to be well informed that a third and immediate advance upon Ladysmith was contemplated. By Friday, when it was believed that fighting was in progress, Rand Mines had risen to 32½, De Beers to 23½, and Rio Tintos to 47½, Consols touched 100½, and the improvement in Home Rails and Americans and Australians was maintained. It is unwise to be sanguine after recent disappointments, but taking into account the even and healthy condition of all markets, there can be no doubt that the relief of Ladysmith would reward the patriotism of those who through good and evil report have believed in the success of British arms.

#### THE WAR AT WESTMINSTER.

THE debate in the House of Lords on Tuesday and the discussion still proceeding in the House of Commons on Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice's amendment almost persuade us to recant the views expressed last week in favour of the party system. Parliament has conspicuously failed upon a great occasion to discharge properly its "lyrical function." It has not only failed to express, but it has wounded and irritated, the feelings of the nation. We say this without distinction of party, for it has to be confessed that Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour have disappointed their countrymen almost as sharply as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his supporters have exasperated them. A few calm and dignified expressions of confidence in the future, some explanation of the immediate intentions of the Government, a word or two of sympathy for those who have already lost sons and brothers and husbands—these were the things pathetically expected by the public from its leading statesmen. It was not much to expect, and some such words spoken by the Prime Minister and the First Lord of the Treasury and echoed by the leaders of Her Majesty's Opposition would have soothed the feelings and revived the hopes of the nation. Nothing however appears to be further from the thoughts of our politicians than the real war and those who have fallen in it. The mimic war at Westminster, with its deafening volleys of personalities and recriminations, is for these gentlemen the one absorbing topic. What a Liberal Government did in 1881, or what a right honourable gentleman said in 1895, is of course much more interesting than what the Government is going to do now for the defence of the Empire at home and abroad. Lord Lansdowne indeed coolly told us that he had a plan, but that he thought its announcement had better be deferred until after the debate on the Address!

The extraordinary speech of the Prime Minister on Tuesday is an illustration of his failure to grasp the situation or sympathetically to interpret the nation's mind. After wandering back to the Conventions of 1881 and 1884, Lord Salisbury delivered a disquisition on the British Constitution, which would have made an admirable article for this Review, and was perhaps a reminiscence of an early production of the kind. The British Constitution is not, it seems, "a good fighting machine." From no Minister of modern times does this complaint come with a worse grace than from Lord Salisbury. No absolute monarch, no military aristocracy, ever had a freer hand with regard to war than the present Government. Seemingly, however, this remark was not only an allusion to the familiar difficulty of governing an army by a debating society. It was also a complaint of the lack of money from which the Government of the richest country in the world suffers owing to an inadequate secret service fund and the despotic control of the Treasury. How could we know what the Boers were about when we have no money to buy information? In accents of mournful envy the Prime Minister repeated that Mr. Kruger spent £800,000 a year in secret service, whereas the fund at his disposal was contemptible. Had it not been for what happened in the House of Commons on Wednesday, we should have been disposed to treat more seriously Lord Salisbury's assertion that the interference of the Treasury in all the departments of State was "not for the public benefit." But we are comforted by the fact that within twenty-four hours the Prime Minister was contradicted on both these points by two of his colleagues. Lord Lansdowne declared that whatever might be the cause of our failures it was not want of information. The Intelligence Department, according to the Secretary of State for War, had supplied full and on the whole accurate information about the Boer numbers and armaments. The Chancellor of the Exchequer emphatically asserted on the day after Lord Salisbury's speech, that neither he nor the Treasury had hampered in any way the Government or refused to sanction any expenditure in connexion with the war. And so we must leave the Prime Minister's speech as an unexplained mystery.

We do not know whether the reunion of the Irish party and its decision to abstain from voting will have



the effect of inducing the Opposition leaders to withdraw Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice's amendment. We are not sure that we desire its withdrawal, for the division would only emphasise the strength of the Government. A good deal of mischief has been done already by the unpatriotic and reckless action of the Opposition. If anything is calculated to encourage the Boers in their hope of European intervention it must obviously be the delivery of such speeches as fell from Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Sir Robert Reid. It is left an open question by politicians of this group whether or no peace shall be made as soon as the Boers are driven out of our colonies. On this point Mr. Balfour was explicit and sound. He was equally clear in his definition of the responsibility of the Government. We have it from the First Lord of the Treasury that every step in connexion with the preparation for and conduct of the war was taken upon the advice of the military experts, and that the number of troops despatched in October was in excess of the number stated by the War Office authorities to be more than sufficient. This, we are bound to hold, clears the Government, and until such time (some way off we fear), when a full inquiry can be held, as held it must be, we must await Lord Lansdowne's promised statement on the military measures rendered necessary by recent events.

#### THE MILITARY SITUATION.

THE situation in South Africa is such that in face of the latest reverse to our arms on the Tugela it is impossible for anyone at home to attempt to predict the next move of Lord Roberts. However distressing or repugnant it may be for the nation to acquiesce in the abandonment of the gallant defenders of Ladysmith, stern military necessity may make such an untoward action unavoidable. So much has happened and so many new and distracting elements have been introduced into the situation since the commencement of the war, that it will not be out of place here to hark back and recall the original plan of campaign and endeavour to trace the reasons which have caused our Military Commander from time to time to depart therefrom. Owing to transport difficulties, the one and only possible line of advance from Cape Colony was (and still is) the railway from Colesberg and Stormberg to Bloemfontein and thence to Pretoria. It is rarely that the organisers of a plan of campaign find in the choice of a line of advance so simple a problem. But with our knowledge of the difficulties and dangers of an advance through Natal and across the Drakensberg mountains, which have since been too amply demonstrated by the operations in Natal, no other alternative was open to us. This of course was on the assumption that Delagoa Bay was too sacred a spot for occupation by any save Boer conspirators and their paid subordinates, in the shape of sundry consuls of European Powers with whom "our relations continue friendly." On General Buller's arrival at the Cape on 31 October, he found the situation much complicated by the Boer invasion of Natal and General White's conduct of the campaign in that Colony. All the world now knows that the initial errors of endeavouring to hold Glencoe and Dundee and the crowning one of holding on to Ladysmith—the source of all our present troubles—were due in their inception to the untoward interference of the civilian element in Natal. It was indeed no pleasant news that Sir Alfred Milner had to retail to General Buller on his arrival—the overwhelming force of Boers in Natal, the massing of the enemy around Kimberley and along the Orange River frontier, and last but not least, the appalling amount of sedition and disloyalty in Cape Colony and even in Cape Town. It is reported that Sir Redvers Buller remarked drily: "Then apparently I am expected to reconquer the whole of South Africa." He might fairly have added "and with one Army Corps of three Divisions and a Cavalry Division, which are at present in England or thereabouts." The situation in Cape Colony was not encouraging, a small force of all arms held the Orange River bridge but all the bridges eastward were unguarded, save by policemen! The important junctions of Naauppoort

and Stormberg were held by small detachments of infantry and a naval brigade. But beyond a few troops at De Aar and a handful of local Volunteers scattered along 1000 miles of railway there were no other troops in the Colony! The first error of commission subsequent to General Buller's landing was the hasty and, as it proved, premature evacuation of the railway junctions already mentioned, two strategical points of immense importance covering the main line of advance on Bloemfontein.

The imperative necessity of checking the advance of the Boers in Natal and thus preventing them from overrunning the Colony south of the Tugela, forced General Buller to hastily push forward the troops, destined for Cape Colony, to Durban, as they arrived. And here came the second grave mistake, for not content with the despatch of troops sufficient to hold the line of the Tugela, he massed a large force in Natal wherewith to attempt the relief of Ladysmith. Of course the immediate effect of thus diverting the main stream of troops from the true strategic line of advance, to Natal, was to paralyse all action in the British centre. The enemy, quickly realising our weakness at that part of the theatre of war, now pushed across at Colesberg, Bethulie, and Aliwal North with results best known to General Gatacre. With this diversion of troops to Natal synchronised the despatch of Methuen's Division to Orange River Bridge. It is notorious that from the first General Buller objected most strongly to a column being sent for the relief of Kimberley, judging rightly that it would be entirely wasted in such a "side show," whereas an advance on Bloemfontein would assuredly relieve Kimberley automatically. Here again we see the baleful effects of letting the civilian element interfere with the military conduct of a campaign. For about the middle of November, Mr. Rhodes bombarded the authorities with such impassioned appeals for assistance before the end of that month that General Buller, against his better judgment, was over-persuaded to let Lord Methuen advance. So convinced however was he of the error of this operation that he let it be clearly known that as soon as Lord Methuen had reached Kimberley and relieved it, he was to return down the line to De Aar and thence follow up the general advance on Bloemfontein. The final mistake in this strange comedy or rather tragedy of errors was one for which Sir Redvers alone must be held responsible. Having gone to Natal to conduct personally the relief of Ladysmith and having suffered a reverse at Colenso, he once again diverted the stream of reinforcements from the Cape to Natal and after weeks of delay, whilst the new troops were being assembled, he has crowned all by this second reverse of Spion Kop.

Such briefly is a recapitulation of the various false moves. Some inevitable and forced upon us, others, alas! wilful and gratuitous, which have brought our army now in South Africa to the present painful *impasse*. It is worse than useless to pause and endeavour at this moment to apportion the blame or punish those responsible for so many failures. There will be time enough for this and more when the Boers have been subdued and a Parliamentary Committee is assembled to sift the whole matter to its foundation. Lord Roberts is rightly keeping his counsel and all movements and massing of troops in Cape Colony are shrouded in profound secrecy. We can only hope that before long the nation may be agreeably surprised to learn that a strong and well-organised force has advanced to Bloemfontein. If this can be accomplished, the relief of Kimberley is assured, for all Boer forces, both on the Modder, at Kimberley and elsewhere, would of necessity be massed to oppose the advance of a British army into the heart of the Free State. Further, should this advance be successfully made it would, in course of time, cause a large withdrawal of the Free-Staters from Natal and thus sensibly reduce the pressure on Ladysmith. The nation however must be prepared calmly to face the possibility of the fall of Ladysmith. It seems almost certain that unless General Buller, during the next few days, can discover some weak point in the long fortified lines which bar his advance, the place must fall sooner or later; how soon, it is of course impossible to say.

The alternatives now before Lord Roberts are therefore shall he despatch further reinforcements to Natal in the hope that they may enable the Boer lines to be forced, or leaving an adequate force on the Tugela to protect the southern half of the colony of Natal, shall he transfer the remainder to Stormberg and thus materially increase the strength of the army advancing on Bloemfontein? Heartless as it may appear to many to leave Ladysmith to its fate, it must be remembered that we have no right to assume that its devoted garrison can hold out even until further reinforcements can be collected and a third attempt to relieve it be made and made successfully. On the other hand, if Ladysmith can hold out for a few weeks longer and a general advance on Bloemfontein be made, the Boer forces beleaguering the town may be so greatly reduced as to enable the force on the Tugela to raise the siege or at least lend a hand to the garrison, should they elect to fight their way out. Meanwhile, we must possess our souls in patience; before these lines are in print, Lord Roberts will have decided one of the most terribly momentous problems which have ever been forced upon a general commanding an army in the field. We can only hope and pray that success may attend this decision.

#### FRANCE AND ITS SENATE.

THE triennial elections which renew a third of the French Senate are complete and their effect is to leave things as they were. The overwhelming majority of the elderly gentlemen who acquire or retain seats wear the Republican label, but there is no reason to doubt that they would be equally prepared to support any other régime if it were in power. The successful candidates of other persuasions can be counted on less than the fingers of two hands. That General Mercier is of the band will not redeem its exiguity by its merits. Nor is his election of the slightest importance, for the department which sends him to the Luxemburg is the Loire-Inférieure which has remained one of the most reactionary districts in France. Among the Republicans M. Francis Charmes regains in Cantal a seat as senator which may console him for the one he lost in 1898 as a deputy. The name of the foreign editor of the "Revue des Deux Mondes" is the only one among these ninety and nine members of the Senate which carries any recognition as an intellectual force in the outside world. It would probably be no exaggeration to extend the statement to France herself. Local celebrities do not become national by reason of their transference from the hall of their Conseil-Général, or a provincial Mairie, to the Luxemburg. Among the Senators who retain their seats, M. de Freycinet, Baron de Courcel, and M. Waddington alone demand some recognition. So that when he has read five or six names, the foreigner or the Frenchman, outside of one particular department, will ignore the roll of Conscript Fathers; a document which has no meaning for the outer world save that certain local politicians have gained a modest competency, and exchanged political notoriety in the provinces for dignified obscurity in the capital.

The supporters of the present régime in France would persuade us that this result is the one which France herself and all her best friends should welcome as ideal. We are assured that such a crushing victory for the Republicans can have but one meaning, that France is satisfied with her present system and has nothing left to wish for. We are bidden to accept the verdict as that of the élite of politicians, for the senatorial electors are the delegates of the Communes, the Conseils-Généraux and the Municipalities, their nominees are therefore not as the favourites of Universal Suffrage lightly accepted and lightly discarded.

This theory is specious, but will not bear a moment's serious examination, and, if it did, it would prove that France had definitely retired from her historic rôle. It would range her on the side of the Philistines where, with all her faults and mistakes, she has never stood. If we are to believe that these elec-

tions embody the firm determination of the French people as to their form of government, then they also mean that the French intellect has abandoned politics for literature and walks remote from public life. They do not signify this. They imply a severe censure on the mountebanks who masquerade as royalists and the intriguers who make use of them. They show no advance of the Republic in popular estimation, they only express contempt for factious opposition. Their result is in fact purely negative. At present public feeling is jaded and exhausted by the Dreyfus delirium, but there is no sign that the Republic in the future will allay the permanent unrest any more than it has done in the past. Who believes that the selection of the respectable nonentities in question by their political associates means that the Republic satisfies the Frenchman's craving to be great and glorious? The Senate has in fact become the victim of the revolutionary system which gradually eliminates the best. With the Presidency and the Chamber the Senate has become the haunt of mediocrity. As Thiers to Loubet, so is the Senate of the seventies to the same body to-day. Can we find there now names like Littré, Schérer, Lanfrey, St.-Hilaire, Jules Simon, Victor Hugo, Canrobert, and many others? Not only the abolition of the nominated element but the degeneracy of electoral taste closes the door to the eminent. The provincial doctors and notaries whom the "élite of French electors" delight to honour fail to convince us that the Republic has been the success we are told to believe. It still only exists on sufferance, it has no confidence in the future, and its votaries still strive to keep remote any man who presumes to rise above the dead level of his fellows. When the best minds in the State are not attracted into its service the organisation of Government is defective. It is so in France. What she lacks is a governing class, some stable force to direct the machine to which universal suffrage imparts the momentum. In what way can the recent Senatorial elections be said to supply that fundamental defect? A hundred politicians from country towns are dubbed senators, indeed, but they are not thereby endued with the prerogatives of their Roman namesakes. They possess neither the instincts nor the acquired habits of power. At the best they represent the more reputable order of local politicians. None of their successors have been able to give back to France what the excesses of her early revolutionists tore from her, the immemorial sanctions of tradition and the accumulated experience of centuries. Cut adrift from these, she was set floating with nothing to direct her but some fine phrases, while the helm was seized by men who thought political liberty could be evolved in the twinkling of an eye. All that has stability in France at present is the creation of a master mind who gave her administrative routine worked from the centre. But this does not supply the absence of a class dedicated by tradition to labour for the community. The existence of such a class is consistent with popular government when it continually renews itself by draughts of the highest ability from without, which by its presence it attracts. Where this attractive force is absent the best intellects take another direction, as in the United States. This indeed would seem to be the curse of modern Republics. "The Revolution," said Renan writing more than forty years ago, "carried in itself a seed of decay which was soon to bring about the reign of mediocrity and weakness, the extinction of all greatness in initiative, and an apparent prosperity whose very conditions of existence will work their own destruction." The last thirty years have but too well justified the prediction.

#### THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

THERE is no progress to record, and the situation remains unchanged. Sir Redvers Buller has for once treated us to a lengthy telegram which explains his position in unusual detail. On 20 January, as we had already been told, Sir Charles Warren succeeded in occupying a strong position on the south of the high tableland which extends from Acton Homes to Ladysmith. There for five days



he remained in contact with the enemy who held a strong position between Acton Homes and the Tugela. Though our position in itself was tenable, to advance from it was difficult. Its great drawback however was the steepness of the southern slopes which precluded Sir Charles Warren from obtaining a good artillery position. Water too was a difficulty. On the 23rd Spion Kop—an important position which enfiladed the Boer trenches on either side of it—was, with Sir Redvers Buller's consent, attacked. The attack appears to have been as well carried out as executed. It took place on the night of the 23rd. Once in possession however, it was found that Spion Kop's perimeter was too large for the troops at hand to hold, and that water was conspicuous only by its absence. It is difficult to understand why these matters had not been adequately considered beforehand, and the subsequently useless sacrifice of life and prestige thus avoided. In any case the crests of the hill were held throughout the day of the 24th in spite of repeated attacks and heavy shell fire. General Woodgate was in command on the summit of the hill, and when he was wounded Colonel Thorneycroft succeeded him. In the meantime means were taken to secure the possession of the rest of the hill, and guns and engineers were on their way. For some unexplained reason it appears that Colonel Thorneycroft was unaware of these measures. Accordingly on the night of the 24th-25th he decided to abandon Spion Kop, and this he did before daylight appeared. In this resolve no doubt he was right—at any rate his action has since been endorsed by Sir Redvers Buller—for it would obviously have been useless to expose the men a second time to such a fire without guns. But that he was not informed that guns were on their way deserves the severest reprobation. The losses on the 24th were heavy—at least 40 per cent.—and the defence throughout was conducted with courage and ability. On the following morning Sir Redvers Buller himself appeared on the scene; and, after a consultation with Sir Charles Warren, decided that a second attack on Spion Kop was out of the question. The Boer right flank was too strong to turn. It was decided to recross the Tugela, and within an hour of Sir Redvers Buller's arrival the retreat commenced. By 8 A.M. on the 27th Sir Charles Warren's force was across the Tugela "without the loss of a man or a pound of stores." Sir Redvers Buller claims great credit that this operation was effected without loss, and that the Boers did not molest our troops when in the act of recrossing the Tugela. These facts point, he maintains, to the excellent morale of our troops, and to the respect which the Boers have begun to feel for the British soldier. But it is not as a rule part of the Boers' tactics to pursue their enemies. It is to be remarked that Boer accounts speak of the position being taken by them with considerable British loss and 150 prisoners. What the precise effect of this may be it is early yet to conjecture. But that its moral effect may be even greater than its material is unhappily only too probable. There was to be no turning back! The situation which before was entangled is now a knot. We do not say it cannot be untied.

Of General Gatacre we have heard little or nothing. Recently General French made a reconnaissance of the Boers' position, and found them strongly posted at Pietfontein. Meanwhile a column of troops under General Kelly-Kenny has occupied Thebus—between Rosmead and Steynsburg—and thus formed a connecting link between Generals French and Gatacre. It is possible that some important development may before long be heard of from this quarter. As to the West the bombardment of Kimberley continues with redoubled force; but Lord Methuen is still unable to move to its relief. The only incident of note at Modder River is the arrival of General Hector Macdonald who succeeds General Wauchope in command of the Highland Brigade. As to Mafeking it is now reported that Colonel Plumer has at last succeeded in forming a junction with Colonel Baden-Powell. We are now undergoing what many other nations have had to endure before us—a rude awakening after a long

spell of peace, interrupted only by savage warfare. One thing at least is satisfactory. We have it on Mr. Balfour's authority that the action of our Generals has not been, and presumably will not be, interfered with.

### "WORDS, WORDS, WORDS."

A STRANGER in London, unconcerned and uninterested in our public life, might well wonder what had happened that during the last few days a new expression should come upon the face of the whole people, an expression that might be described as a cross between irritation and boredom. It could not be the war that was at the bottom of it, for there was no evidence of interest on the public face; hardly of strong feeling. Still something unmistakably had gone wrong; something had upset the world. The nuance of expression on the face of most people you met was very much that which pervades a group of talkers, whom an unwelcome outsider has just joined, an outsider they had very likely been discussing not to his advantage. Or it might be the expression of a hostess, on hearing that a guest she could not escape from inviting had not only come but come before his time. Apparently something had come into the people's lives which they did not want, which was out of harmony with their feelings and thoughts, now very deeply intent on other things, and all the more unwelcome for the knowledge that it had to come. To one of ourselves who know what has happened this physiognomic phenomenon is not only intelligible but inevitable. *Parliament* is here! there is the explanation of it all. At the present juncture, the mere presence of a body that meets to talk is in itself a strong irritant. Parliament is always something of an irritant: the repulsion their representative assemblies inspire in the breast of democratically governed peoples is a commonplace of political philosophers, a commonplace they labour to explain with an industry that seems to us quite unnecessary; for surely if there is anything natural in the world, it is that electors should hate the body they elect. Purporting to be the conduit pipe to conduct their wishes to realisation, the voters perceive that if it conducts their wishes anywhere it is usually in quite another direction, so that they come to resent their representatives as just barriers between themselves and the objects of their ambition. Then the personal element comes in, and the disappointed elector, above all the working-man elector, is persuaded that the elected, while he does nothing for the voter, has obtained by his help a very good thing for himself. Disappointment kindles into rage and the unfortunate M.P., vestryman, deputy, County Councillor, whatever it may be, from a fool becomes a fraud and the elector lies low for the next election. So far is the party system from hindering the operation of representative government that without the bondage of party no member would ever sit twice for the same seat—indeed it is doubtful if the assembly itself could as an institution survive more than a very few sessions. But for the sake of the party which they do like, men will put up with the Parliament which they do not like, and even with its members. So that it is not strange that every session retires wholly unregretted—while sometimes it does meet with something of a welcome on its appearance, for it holds out great party possibilities, as yet undisappointed. The welcome does not often extend beyond the ring of the strong partisans, but this year the people knew no partisans, so there was no one to welcome Parliament—and all the less so that it came a few days before it was expected.

Every man, woman, and child gazed rapt on facts of the war—on the war itself, the deeds on the field. Emotion—right emotion—had been high. Regretful, of course, of the past, men were caring only for what was to be done in the future. The last thing that any man wanted was speeches and rhetoric. Who cared for Ministry and Opposition in the face of the Empire's fate? If there was one thing the people had no stomach for, it was the tricks and trappings of parlia-

mentary debate. "Hon. and learned, hon. and gallant members," "Debate on the Address" "Order, Order," all these phrases—amusing enough in their associations at other times—but excited impatience and something stronger now. Parliament! just so. The fate of the Empire must now become just material for "a great speech." The hard facts of war would be turned to account for "telling perorations." Gallantry must serve as rhetorical ornament, and "moving passages" be gaily decked with brave men's deaths. To the plain man who cares much for his country and nothing for the "House," there is something simply repulsive in the war and the warrior being thrown down, as it were, on the floor of the House of Commons, Bulwer's "sublime arena," where the battle is of words, and the victory a division list. In the atmosphere of the chamber things lose their reality; besides being what it is, everything becomes a point in debate, and the thing is usually lost in the point. To the petty player in the game, the game of place, things that to the citizens of real life are not of the account of a row of pins become of infinite importance. Refracted through the Parliamentary medium, things look entirely different—distorted out of all proportion—from what they are seen to be by men who view them in the light of open day. As we hear parliamentarians talk, the perspective of their view often reminds us of a certain member of a "local Parliament," that in Kensington (one of those delightful institutions where everybody, aping the accidents of House of Commons life, tries to be the fool your member of Parliament sometimes is) a worthy grey-headed City gentleman with "good capon lined" who solemnly assured us in tones of suppressed excitement that "there would be a division to-night." The poor man saw nothing ridiculous in his seriousness.

But there are times, it is true, when the real thing is magnified, its reality intensified and transfigured, by the force of the speaker, or rather of the man; when the orator forgets that he is a speaker, absorbed in the reality of the thing. There are times when Parliament does rise to the height of the occasion—and that was the hope this week. The nations would see that in the Mother of Parliaments party disappears in the presence of war. Ministers would be concerned not to defend themselves but to grapple with the future—the Opposition would patriotically assist and the ordinary member would have the decency, forgetting for once the local paper, to hold his peace.

Parliament has met and we have seen how Ministers and Opposition can rise to the occasion of a national crisis. But on that melancholy picture we do not wish to dwell.

#### MASQUE DE FER.

THE 14th of July, the anniversary of the Fall of the Bastille, still remains the Republican Fête. The 14th of July is indeed a memorable date in French history but not for the traditional reasons. What it demonstrated was the complete collapse of the Executive Power. So far as it is represented by popular writers as the deathblow to tyranny it is by the most grotesque of misrepresentations. At the time of its destruction the Bastille only harboured seven prisoners of whom two were lunatics, one was a young nobleman "guilty of monstrous crimes meriting death" and kept in the Bastille at the request of his family who paid for his keep, the remaining four were forgers who were detained there while their case was undergoing investigation. Such were the "victims of arbitrary power" whose release was celebrated as the inauguration of a new era of liberty. The character of the liberators was appropriate to that of the liberated for the atrocities perpetrated on the officers of the Bastille clearly show that the victory was that of brigands who were thereby definitely installed as the masters of Paris. This is the one fact which now plainly stands out after the frothy declamations of revolutionary orators and their historians are at length being recognised at their true value.

M. Funk Brentano, the learned keeper of the Bastille archives, has now dissipated for ever some of those fables which have most persistently clung round

the royal fortress.\* His work has been well translated and being unencumbered with pedantic details makes excellent reading. We have only one fault to find with M. Brentano. He dissipates for ever the mystery of the "Man in the Iron Mask." Though the era is long past when a youth entering on life would require Lord Beaconsfield's advice "never to start a discussion on the identity of the man in the iron mask," yet a large part of mankind still entertained a vague feeling of curiosity as to the true solution of the mystery. Even recent years have seen the publication of considerable volumes on the subject. General Jung, the biographer of Napoleon's youth, compiled a large book in support of the theory that "Masque de Fer" was an obscure person named Oldendorf. M. Brentano by a piece of masterly historical logic conclusively identifies the prisoner with Count Mattioli the Minister of the Duke of Mantua who betrayed both his master and Louis XIV. This worthy had arranged the sale of the important position of Casal to the French Government on behalf of the Duke. He was handsomely rewarded by Louis but tried to secure double profits for himself by betraying his employers to the Spanish and Austrian Governments before the occupation of the stronghold was completed. Louis was furious. He had the Count kidnapped and imprisoned for some time in the frontier fortress of Pignerol. It was necessary to conceal his identity at first, hence the mask, for his capture was as lawless a deed as that of the Duc d'Enghien, though the provocation cannot be denied. Afterwards when the Governor of Pignerol was appointed to the Bastille he took Mattioli with him. As years went on the vigilance with which the prisoner was surrounded relaxed and he was placed in the same cell with others. By wearing a mask he was able to enjoy greater freedom of movement. He died in 1703 and his death certificate is made out in his own name. So much for the facts. On this slender foundation has been erected the superstructure of mystery which has puzzled posterity. The rise of the legend which Dumas immortalised in the "Vicomte de Bragelonne" deserves to rank in effrontery with the "Donation of Constantine" or the myth of Kaspar Hauser. We find the first hint of the subsequent developments in 1711, when Madame Palatine (Louis' step-sister) writes: "I have just learned who the masked man was. He was an English lord who was mixed up in the Duke of Berwick's plot against King William. He died there (in the Bastille), so that the King might never know what became of him." This is probably the earliest avatar of the masked Mattioli. The mask itself was of velvet, but has already been transformed into an iron one with steel springs which "was never removed." The governor serves the prisoner standing who always dines off silver plate, and is clad as luxuriously as possible. Then we have the story of the silver dish on which he scratched a sentence with a knife. He throws the dish out of the window and it is picked up by a fisherman who only owes his life to the fact that he cannot read. This story one Father Papon in his "Histoire de Provence" enlarges. The writing is on linen and the unfortunate recipient is murdered. The most startling development of the plot is due to Voltaire. In the "Siècle de Louis XIV." we find the passage, too long to quote, on which the legend finally took shape and flew round the world. The main points due to Voltaire's inventive faculty are that the prisoner was of more than ordinary height, young and with features of more than ordinary beauty, that he wore a mask fitted with springs of steel which he never took off and which allowed him to eat freely. Orders were given that if he took it off he was to be killed. The Marquis de Louvois once visited him and remained standing all the time. With the true skill of the raconteur Voltaire did not then satisfy curiosity as to who the prisoner was. We now reach the second stage. In the "Questions on the Encyclopedia" he hints that the reason for the mask was a fear that some too striking likeness should be recognised. Lastly in the second edition of the work he boldly states that the masked man was the uterine brother of Louis XIV. a son of Mazarin and Anne of Austria and older than the

\* "Legends of the Bastille," by Franz Funk-Brentano, translated by George Maidment. London: Downey. 1899. 6s.



King! Was ever a story concocted with greater audacity? Its development does not belie its origin. Under the First Empire the story was amazingly perverted to the benefit of the "Corsican upstart." In some pamphlets of the time it is thus adapted. The Iron Mask, lawful heir to the throne of Louis XIII., being imprisoned at S. Marguerite married the gaoler's daughter. They had a child who was sent to Corsica to be reared. Being of noble origin he was called "Buona Parte." From him was descended Napoleon. Therefore the latter was entitled by heredity to the French throne. Q.E.D.

The identification of Masque de Fer with a brother of Louis XIV. has been popularised by Dumas but there have been other solutions of the mystery not less absurd. He has been identified as the Comte de Vermandois, the son of La Vallière, and as the Duke of Monmouth! One M. Anatole Loquin in 1885 came to this sage conclusion. "The more I reflect, the more I believe I recognise in the Man in the Iron Mask, without any elaborate theory, without prejudice too, no other than J. B. Poquelin de Molière." The Jesuits, enraged at his satire, had caused the unfortunate author of "Tartuffe" to be immured in the Bastille! Here we reach perhaps the high-water mark of absurdity, but the true solution of the problem leaves us unmoved. We are inclined to agree with Louis XV. who told de Choiseul that "if he knew all about it, he would see that it had very little interest." The interest lies in the growth of the legend and one marks with regret the disappearance of an old friend. But the popular conception of the Bastille will never be disturbed and the Letters of Junius still offer full scope for the bore on old-established lines.

#### NATIONAL VIEWS OF MARRIAGE.

MOST countries, or races, have certain moral principles, which they cherish severally in a way peculiar to themselves, which they invest with an importance beyond what is elsewhere accorded to them, and which dominate their feelings, even when failing to influence their actions. The principles we refer to are not only not universal; they are not even in any universal sense Christian. They are local, racial, or class applications of Christianity. A remarkable example of this is afforded by the observance of Sunday in Scotland: but we shall find an example more remarkable still in a principle which regulates, for Englishmen and Scotchmen likewise, sentiment, if not conduct, in relation to the question of marriage. This principle is that, in order to render marriage a happy union—indeed we may say in order to render it a moral union—it must be preceded by some romantic, or at all events by some special, affection between the two persons who are parties to it. Marriages prompted wholly, or principally, by prudence, ambition, or convenience, are, amongst ourselves as elsewhere, no doubt common enough; but their true character is never publicly acknowledged. They are practically condoned; they are not theoretically approved of; and the general feeling of all classes of the community demands that they should, in order to make them decent, be draped with some fiction of attachment, though attachment may be quite wanting. That such is the case is proved by the whole body of our imaginative literature, and by almost every play that is put on the English stage. Novelists and dramatists alike assume in their readers or their audiences a belief that love is essential as an antecedent condition to any marriage that is not a tragedy or a sacrilege; and a large proportion of our most successful novels and plays, in the absence of this belief, would become very nearly meaningless. This national view of the matter becomes more sharply marked, when it is contrasted with the view of it which prevails generally in France, where affection as an antecedent to marriage is generally disregarded, and where marriages are generally arranged not by the principals but by their relations. To the average Englishman this practice is shocking; and he is accustomed to emphasise his condemnation of it by pointing to the frequency in France of liaisons after marriage, which he looks on as its horrible, though

strictly natural, consequence. And in this view of the matter there is certainly much truth—a truth abundantly illustrated by French novels, and the French drama. Whilst the English dramatist and novelist treat love as the foundation of marriage, the French dramatist and novelist treat love as a defiance of it.

If, however, we put national prejudice aside, and honestly set ourselves to consider the underlying truth of things, we may well doubt if the French view is more false than our own; and if each would not become healthier and more in accordance with facts, by allowing itself, in some respects, to be modified by the other. In the first place we may observe that the difference between the two is not really so great as superficially it is apt to seem. For no sane Frenchman, any more than any sane Englishman, believes that marriage is useful as a social institution only because of its connexion with the settlement and devolution of property, and with the rearing, the education, the legal status of children. Every Frenchman will admit that one of its most important aspects is the companionship of wife and husband; that one of its most important functions is to make this companionship happy; and that happiness cannot be independent of some form of affection. Theoretically, the French view differs from the English only in this—that whereas the Englishman thinks that an exalted state of emotion ought to precede marriage, the Frenchman thinks that, in nine cases out of ten, an affection sufficient for happiness is likely to arise out of it. We shall all of us see, when the case is put thus, that the difference between the two views, instead of being a difference of complete and irreconcilable opposition, is merely a difference as to certain highly disputable points, which does not admit of being settled by an outburst of moral indignation, but demands from us a careful and quite dispassionate consideration. The question at issue, indeed, is not a moral question at all. It is not a question of what a right marriage is—of the mutual duties and feelings proper to wife and husband; it is merely a question of the methods and circumstances from which a right marriage is most likely to result. And this is a question not for the moralist; but for the psychological student—for the observer of human nature. The whole question is one of fact. What, as a matter of fact, men and women being what they are, tends most to produce happy married companionship? some exalted, some romantic, some special attachment before marriage; or the occupations and interests which arise, in favourable circumstances, out of marriage? When the question is put thus, the first answer that will be made to it, is that no answer of a general kind is possible. Everything, it will be said, depends on the temperament of the persons concerned; and whatever may be the general rule, there will certainly be numerous exceptions. The most ardent advocate of marriage for pure romance, will at once be obliged to concede as much as that. He will be obliged to do so by the unfortunately notorious fact that, even if no marriages are happy that do not arise out of love, many marriages that do spring from love are miserable. Similarly the most thoroughgoing of his opponents—the advocates of the *mariage de convenance*—will admit that misery may in many cases arise, though the circumstances of a marriage are favourable; and happiness may arise in spite of them, when they are unfavourable and difficult. Let us begin, however, by putting aside these cases which either side regards as exceptional; and consider merely the case of average men and women. We shall find that both views of the matter—the French view and the English, are equally false and also equally true: each contains a truth which the other ignores; and the truth contained in each is rendered practically false by exaggeration.

Let us take what we have called the English view first. The theory of human nature on which this view is founded finds its clearest and fullest expression in popular English love-poetry; and in the popular proverb that "Marriages are made in heaven." This theory resolves itself into two propositions. One is that the affection which is essential to happiness in marriage, is identical with, or can only arise out of, an absorbing love which exalts and idealises its object, and raises those who feel it, into some

sublime, if temporary, paradise. The other proposition is that love of this absorbing kind can be excited in each person, not perhaps by some one other person only—though many enthusiasts will gravely maintain this—but at all events by very few; the chances of life being that each man and woman will meet only one of his or her affinities, though a dozen may perhaps exist. Of both these views one of the most impassioned exponents is Browning. In one of his poems he represents a man and woman who in early life were in love with each other, but owing to their poverty had not courage to marry. In later life they come across one another, having both grown rich and famous; but both feel that their opportunity of true happiness has been missed.

"This thing might have been but once,  
And we missed it—lost it for ever."

The whole philosophy of English sentiment as to marriage is summed up here. True married happiness flows only from the exalted passion. The exalted passion is possible only once in a lifetime, when the two personalities predestined for each other are allowed by Providence to meet.

Now is this view of love and happiness true, so far as it applies to the ordinary man and woman? The facts are against it. Instead of saying that there is only one woman, amongst those whom the average man is at all likely to meet, for whom he will be capable of feeling a true affection, it would be far truer to say that of all these women—it must be assumed that we refer to those of marriageable age only—there is only a certain percentage for whom he might not feel it. Instead of saying that he could love only one in a thousand, it would be far truer to say that he could love five out of every twenty. Affection depends on many things—on looks, and especially on temperament; and luckily what pleases one man does not please all; but out of every twenty girls whom the average young man meets, there will probably be five, any one of whom would be sufficiently pleasing in appearance, and sufficiently congenial in temperament, to rouse his affection, if he were thrown constantly in her society; and human nature is such that, when affection once begins, the parties to it acquire gradually a special suitability to each other, far beyond what they possessed, when the affection first developed itself. One of the great errors of the English philosophy of love is that, in this respect, it puts the cart before the horse, and makes this special suitability the cause of affection, rather than its consequence. Another of its errors is that it regards the vehemence of affection before marriage as the index of its genuineness, and of the probability that it will last and bring happiness. All close observation of life will make us acknowledge regretfully that this is not the case. The most sudden, the most passionate, the most imaginative forms of affection, beautiful and intoxicating though they doubtless are whilst they last, are not those that are likely to last longest.

But whilst these errors in the English theory of marriage are doubtless responsible for much matrimonial unhappiness, the French view errs equally, in a precisely opposite way. If the English theory is wrong in not recognising the fact that a young man could fall in love with any one of five girls out of twenty, the French theory is wrong in assuming that there are only five girls out of twenty, with whom he could not fall in love, if it were desirable that he should marry one of them. The English theory makes the conditions of affection too rare; the French theory makes them too common. The English theory exaggerates their independence of circumstances: the French theory exaggerates its dependence on them. Exceptional natures will, no doubt, find in love a happiness which adverse circumstances cannot destroy, and for the loss of which the most favourable circumstances would not make amends. But the affection and happiness of average men and women are less able to stand alone. They are more likely, indeed they are certain, to be injured by an environment that does not suit them. The French theory of marriage, though it shocks our English sentiment, is valuable because it insists on this homely and indubitable fact. If it disregards human nature in one respect, it does greater

justice to it in another respect, than does ours. It assumes that a man and a woman, of presumably suitable age, when placed together in circumstances suitable to their position in life, when united by common interests, and provided with common opportunities, are more likely to develop an affection for each other than an antipathy; and in spite of all the matrimonial scandals which form the stock-in-trade of the modern Parisian novelist, there is no doubt that this French theory is largely justified by the result. Each nation in fact has much to learn from the other; and since the matrimonial theories of neither are wholly sound—neither the English theory of romance, nor the French theory of expediency—we may draw some comfort from the reflection that, whatever may be our several principles, both we and our neighbours in practice are very frequently false to them.

#### FARMING THE TROUT STREAM.

CERTAINLY one of the most delightful things in connexion with a good fishery is the making of it. The intelligent cultivation of a piece of derelict water is as interesting a work to people who care to make a study of fish, as well as merely hook them, as the planting of a barren but promising strip of land contiguous perhaps to his own woods is to the country gentleman who concerns himself with forestry; or as the making of a garden is to the born gardener. We have seen the man of great affairs whose town life is lived in an almost perpetual rush of business and enterprise spend a day or two in improving his little stream as though it were the supreme interest of his life. Should he take a friend down to angle for one of his big trout, it is more than likely that he will find he has too much to do to think of angling himself, even though there may be a good hatch of fly and rise of trout. Whilst his guest angles he very likely will be helping the water-keeper to net the stock-pond and select out of the trout landed a certain number of those best able to take care of themselves to be turned into the stream. More or less throughout the entire year there is work to be done, especially if the water is a trout or a trout and grayling stream, and the proprietor or lessee, who is not above helping and supervising, is much more likely than he who leaves all such matters to his men, to reap a good reward. Coarse fish have to be kept down by netting, pike snared, weeds cut in a scientific way according to the character of the water and the species of fish found therein, stakes, jagged wires and the like placed in various parts of the water, which will otherwise be easily swept by the poacher's net, diseased fish taken out, and the stock of trout in the water carefully noted from time to time. These are operations and precautions which are common to all trout streams where there is anything like systematic preservation. There are other steps to which keepers usually do not attach much importance, but the ardent pisciculturist finds it a pleasure rather than a trouble to take them. The late Mr. Thomas Andrews of the beautiful Crichmere Trout Ponds near Haslemere was no doubt one of the first in this country to point out how desirable it was to encourage certain kinds of insect life in and about the water for trout and grayling, and to keep up the vegetation at its brink. He ornamented the Crichmere Ponds and at the same time gave his big trout harbourage and even a certain amount of insect food—though not perhaps so much of this latter as some people would suppose—by planting the edges of the water. Some visitors to the ponds will no doubt recollect that he had some fine specimens of the noble osmunda or royal fern, which till the last few years still grew on certain parts of Hindhead hard by. It could hardly be claimed that the osmunda produced any food for the fish, but the more vegetation about a river the better for the fishing is a statement which will scarcely be traversed by any practical man—though of course there must not be too much seriously to interfere with the angler. Not only outside the stream but within it too there should be vegetation. "Water plants," says an authority, "consume carbon and return oxygen. Trout con-



sume oxygen and return carbon. By putting plants and fish together, therefore, we avail ourselves of one of Nature's great universal agencies, in balancing vital forces against each other, and maintaining the equilibrium on which the continuance of organic life depends." Mr. Andrews' example has not been in vain, and there are now dealers in fry and yearlings who keep for sale a large stock of plants for the trout pond and lake, such as bull rush or reed mace, willow herbs, bur reed, bog bean, frog bit, and various water lilies. Indeed what with hatchery trays and filters, roots and seeds of water plants, eggs and larvae of insects, to which fish that rise at fly are partial, keepers' implements, eyed ova, fry, yearlings and "two-year-olds" of different species of fish, the catalogues of the professional pisciculturists will before long grow nearly as bulky as those of the angling tackle makers. It shows that pisciculture is moving in this country though not quite so rapidly as it has in Germany or so rapidly as Mr. Willis Bund in his new book\* and others may desire.

The cultivation of fish that are good to eat and good to angle for is so desirable an end that all means to it, provided these do not include the wholesale destruction of the wild fauna of the brookside and the lake, are deserving of encouragement. Hence we welcome the price lists of the dealer and the books on fishery and hatchery management. Certain reservations, however, must be made. Considerable sums of money laid out on the various items warmly and naturally enough recommended by the dealer will not necessarily, we fancy, be productive of proportionate results. The fishery proprietor or lessee, who makes a study of his water and has a keeper on whom he can rely, and learns through personal experience is much more likely to succeed than the man who trusts to the price lists and his well-filled purse. And, what is more, he reaps the pleasure of his pains: the man who has taken in hand a derelict or partially derelict stretch of water and by intelligent attention and direction converted it into an excellent preserve, full of lusty fish, has a right to feel proud of his success. As to books on fishery management, we do not believe for a moment that they will make any man a successful pisciculturist, though, as this admirable work of Mr. Willis Bund, they may be full of interesting information. Books, supposed to be nothing if not practical, will not make a successful player of games, sportsman, forester, farmer, keeper or pisciculturist, but everyone of these will buy them and read them for pleasure. This should surely serve the purpose of the author and the publisher alike.

#### WAGNER'S LITERARY DÉBRIS.

IT is not long since I dealt with the seventh volume of Mr. Ashton Ellis' translation of Wagner's prose; but as Messrs. Kegan Paul have just sent in the eighth and last, it seems best to finish with it at once before the subject becomes too unspeakably stale. For stale it will become, and that very rapidly. Wagner was a much bigger man than Robert Louis Stevenson, whose work, whilst undeniably good work in its way, has gone out of vogue at a pace in inverse ratio to the pace at which it came into vogue; and if Stevenson has so quickly slipped into the past in spite of writing with singular charm in his native tongue, not even Wagner's greatness as a musician will keep alive prose written without any charm and translated into English without any added charm. It is odd, now, to reflect on the extraordinary curiosity with regard to Wagner's prose which prevailed a very few years ago. When Mr. Ashton Ellis began to translate it we made an exceeding great jubilation. But he had hardly got to the second volume before we cried "Hold, enough!" And now we are sick unto death of it all, and open each successive volume wearily, reluctantly, and lay it down gladly when we have read it (if we have indeed read it). The heart of the mystery of it was only too easy to discover. We quickly found under the pompous, self-assured style of his history only Wagner's prejudices and prepossessions

masquerading as eternal laws of art; we constantly found him flying into fits of self-righteous rage because the world generally had not perceived as eternal laws of art prejudices, prepossessions, and absolutely unique ideas, which had inhabited the brain of no man before him. He was as a magician who called up from the depths of the sea a new continent, and not content with wishing people to live on it after he had placed it and shown it to be there, fumed if they declared their inability to have walked dryshod over it before. Of course there is more than this kind of thing in Wagner's prose. There are several pages of instructive reading, and several more which are amusing as well as instructive. But when once we have perceived his determination to prove that all the history of art led up to his own new creation, the music-drama (which in a sense, though not in his sense, it naturally did), nine pages out of ten bore us unutterably. And half of the one left is generally filled with long out-of-date philosophical speculations.

One man, however, probably the only Englishman who has survived the attempt, has read Wagner's prose from beginning to end, and believes it all. The accomplishment of the latter feat—the believing in the infallible truth of everything Wagner wrote, no matter how violently or how often he contradicted himself—fills me with admiration. If Mr. Ashton Ellis had not accomplished it, I should have thought the thing impossible. It is still incredible. Yet, incredulous though we may be, it is obvious that the age of miracles is not yet finished. Nothing in the way of doing, thinking or believing is impossible to the man who has translated all Wagner's prose; and it is undeniable that Mr. Ellis has accomplished this miracle—the result is before me as I write, in the shape, bulk and weight of eight stout volumes. Remembering that he is now done with the last, I congratulate him none the less heartily if I congratulate myself in the same breath. It is a task which he has performed well from his own point of view, and if I have not always approved of the manner of performance it is because I have an unaccountable preference for English to German. Mr. Ellis evidently prefers German to English; and if, when he must write in English, he prefers to write in a kind of English constructed after the German idiom, no man can say him nay. When, however, he complains meekly of "the journalist who would fain see even the greatest master compelled to talk in journalese," one is inclined to ask what journalist wanted any such thing, and why on earth he should want, or at least ask for, what he already had. Mr. Ellis has evidently misunderstood. He himself never writes other than journalese, and Wagner himself never wrote other than journalese. Wagner had not, and Mr. Ellis has not, the faintest pretension to literature: to call either a "man of letters" save as Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Le Gallienne or the average leader-writer is a man of letters, is to abuse a term that ought surely to be used as strictly as the term painter, poet, or composer. Some of us have indeed growled at Mr. Ellis when his German predilections led him to translate Wagner's German journalese into bad English journalese; but that is all. If I write "to run home as swiftly as he could," I am not writing very fine English; but certainly I shall not improve it if I write "to as-swiftly-as-he-could run home." To invert a simple sentence does not necessarily make literature. It may happen to make literature because some singular and beautiful cadence is secured, or because a meaning is made to shine clearly which otherwise might remain obscure; but the mere contortion of honest English—as if a man could not order his dinner without at the same time turning a somersault—is not only not literature; it is the negation of literature. Literature, after all, is an art, and one which few have time to practise nowadays: but we can all say what we mean, if we honestly try, without somersaults and contortions. Mr. Ellis, to do him justice, has improved since his first awful volumes. He has not produced a work of high literary merit; but one must consider what he had to work upon. Rossetti said "the life-blood of rhythmical translation is this commandment—that a good poem shall not be turned into a bad one;" but he never went so far as to say that a bad poem must be turned into a good one. Coleridge did it in the case of

\* "A Handbook of Fishery Management," By J. W. Willis Bund. Lawrence and Bullen. 7s. 6d.

"Wallenstein," many parts of which he turned out of long-winded rubbish into poetry; but it is not given to all of us to be Coleridges; and I, for one, do not grumble at Mr. Ellis because he is not one.

Excepting the "Jesus of Nazareth" and the "Siegfried's Death" there is nothing of the slightest importance in Volume VIII. The bulk of it is stuff which Wagner himself never cared to republish. Mr. Ellis labels it "Discarded." If Wagner discarded it, it might surely have been left in darkness. But Mr. Ellis points out that if he had not translated and published it, someone else might have done so in a "fragmentary" form. Well, to begin with, that was hardly likely, and anyhow, the more fragmentary the better. Mr. Ellis's excuse is really quite funny. If I see a gentleman walking along the street with a watch somewhat riskily exposed, am I to take it, chain and all, on the ground that someone else will soon do it in a "fragmentary" way—taking, presumably, only the watch and leaving the chain? Only one purpose, which I cannot call good, though it is interesting, is served by the publication of all this stuff: it demonstrates Wagner's stupendous energy. Think of all the music-dramas: of "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," the four dramas of the "Ring," "Tristan," the "Mastersingers," and "Parsifal;" then of these eight volumes, and then of the amount of practical work, so to speak, which Wagner achieved—his earlier conductorships, the founding of Bayreuth and the hunting of the money to build it—when one thinks of all these things one is amazed. If we had one general in our army of half Wagner's intellectual energy, one-tenth of his industry, there would not be a Boer alive in South Africa now!

It is useless to discuss the details of this last volume: there is not a new point raised. Everything said here has been said before; and I have said also my little say on the whole matter. I am too weary of the whole business, too much afraid of growing sick of the very name of Wagner, to go over the old ground again and fight once more the old battles. Wagner needed no monument: his music-dramas were a sufficient monument; but Mr. Ellis has heaped over his grave a rough cairn of the debris of what one must call his literary life. There we might leave him at peace. But it appears that he is not to be allowed gradually to take his proper place—or what this generation may come to think his proper place—amongst the immortals. Having translated all that Wagner wrote about himself and his aims, Mr. Ellis now appears to be setting out on another huge undertaking: the translation of all that everyone else has written about him, his life and his aims. At least at the end of an unnecessarily long introduction he says: "I have the honour to invite my readers to accompany me for the next two or three years to the most trustworthy Life of Richard Wagner ever penned . . . the fruit of the untiring zeal of C. G. Glasenapp." This is really terrible! There is already one excellent Life of Wagner in English, or at any rate in American—that by Mr. Finck of New York; it contains all the significant facts of Wagner's life, and a great deal of much sounder criticism than any to be found in Glasenapp. I beg Mr. Ellis to get up a little patriotism for the country to which he appears to forget he nominally belongs; I implore him to resist and not to assist in this German invasion. If he cannot hold his hand altogether, let him rest a little after his severe labours of the past nine years; and then if, some years later, when the word Wagner is not so likely to become hateful to us, he chooses to translate that Wagner autobiography to which he refers, we may be in a frame of mind better to appreciate his efforts on behalf of the master who has won the only battle that can be won in this world and gone to his rest. There is no Wagner cause now; and the fight being ended, they who continue to fuss, to hold meetings, to translate, to give lectures, merely "encumber with help" the master they fancy they are helping.

J. F. R.

#### "AU REVOIR."

IT is almost a year since Mount Moore was in eruption. It is almost a year since from that flammivomous summit the torrents of baleful lava rolled

down over London, intombing (for ever, as we thought) Mr. William Archer, Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Pinero and other men of sin. The flames have subsided, the torrents dried, the pall of smoke drifted from between us and the sky, and the victims surprised us by emerging, scathed but not shrivelled, and going about their business. But I have ever kept my telescope towards the yawning summit, supposing that some more awful vengeance surely would issue. And now, indeed, the eruption has begun again. In this month's number of the "Fortnightly Review," Mr. Moore has a "Preface to 'The Bending of the Bough.'" But how different from last year's preface to "The Heather Field"! How very mild! If Primrose Hill were to pose as a volcano, it would not affright us less. Indeed, dealing with Mr. Moore's latest manner, I must altogether drop the simile of the volcano. Let me say rather, a little chastestar, infinitely remote, wistful, innocuous, unassuming.

"Much have I striven, and some things have I compassed, and known sorrow and fear and the lovelessness of men. But now go I back to my own land, even to that dear land overseas whence I came. For there my heart is." So, in the legend, spoke a hero of whom Mr. Moore has never reminded me much. So speaks Mr. Moore in the "Fortnightly." True, he and Mr. Martyn and Mr. Yeats "have turned our backs on London as men turn their backs on a place which has ceased to interest them," but Mr. Moore, at least, shakes the dust off his feet with a very gentle kick, and looks back not without a smile and a sigh to the abandoned city. "We did not," he murmurs, "decide on our homeward journey without having considered the reformation of London. After some doubts, some hesitation, it suddenly came upon us that it was impossible." This, I confess, thrills me, intrigues me vastly. I long to know the exact moment of the fateful apocalypse. Was the world unconsciously revolving, and we, its parasites, were we behaving quite in our usual manner, making "the same old crush at the corner of Fenchurch Street," and exciting ourselves over the trivialities of our noisy humdrum, when, suddenly in some sequestered room where they were sitting silent, Mr. Moore, Mr. Martyn and Mr. Yeats started from their chairs and said "We must pack up our things"? At that moment, did no shudder run through the metropolis, as through one over whose grave someone is walking? Did no stars fall, nor statues perspire? Can such a seed be dropped without the whole earth quivering under its impact?

But perhaps I overrate the significance of Mr. Moore's article. Certainly, if Mr. Moore were to spend the rest of his life away from us, our loss would be very great; we should lose a unique and most stimulating person. But I suspect that he will not really withdraw himself for long. A play of his will be produced, next month, at the Irish Literary Theatre in Dublin, and this simple fact is quite enough to account for his elaborate valediction. It is one of Mr. Moore's peculiarities that whatever is uppermost in his mind seems to him to be the one thing in the world, and he cannot conceive that there will ever be room for anything else. He surveys the history of the world, in order to show that Art cannot exist longer in England, and that it is probably about to exist in Ireland. He argues that great movements in Art have sprung only in nations after some great national struggle; that, so soon as a nation becomes great and wealthy and replete, Art cannot continue to exist in it, and never returns to it; that England, accordingly, is no place for him, and that Ireland is. "It is impossible," he says, "to write plays in England except for money." But is it? Have not we at least one thriving society for the production of plays written for love? Such plays, according to Mr. Moore, "are offered to the Irish rather than to the English public." But they are not offered to the Irish public. They are offered quietly, in a little hall, to a few Irish people. The Irish public does not want them at all. That, however, does not prevent them from being written. Nor does the indifference of the English public prevent Englishmen from writing similar plays and getting them produced. It may be that the Irish Literary Theatre marks the beginning of a great dramatic literature in Ireland, and



that in England there will be no more great plays. Personally, I have great hopes of the Irish Literary Theatre; but I do not, on the other hand, despair of drama in England. I do not agree with Mr. Moore that Art cannot return to a nation. The genius of Elizabethans has not prevented the Victorian era from producing a great literature of its own. Why should it prevent us from an outburst of great plays? For my own part I think it improbable that the great wave of Victorian literature will recoil without washing up some fragments, at least, of great drama; and I am keeping a hopeful eye on the shore. However, my aim is, not to refute Mr. Moore's interesting theories, but to assure myself and my readers that Mr. Moore is not lost to us for ever. His, as I have said, is a mind violently exclusive, and present disgust of London is amply explained by the impending production in Dublin. But even if the Celtic Renaissance prove to be the most important movement ever made in Art it will not long enchain him. His blazing passions burn themselves out rapidly, and the white-hot core gapes for other fuel. At heart he is a dilettante, though he differs from most of his kind in that his taste does not diverge simultaneously to one thing and another. All his taste is concentrated always on one thing, but nothing can hold him long. That he was born in Ireland does not imply any probability that he will stay there. For the moment, he is fulfilled of patriotism, but only because the kind of Art in which he is immersed happens to have sprung from his native soil. A few weeks hence, if I hear that he has appeared in Edinburgh and declared that to be the only place to live in, I shall not be surprised. And I know that the prodigal will come back, at last, to London, the city which has harboured him through most years of his maturity. I hope I shall go to see his play in Dublin, for I suspect that it will be his only contribution to Irish Art. Already, even in his article, I find signs that his allegiance is straying. When he says "It were better to delight a moment in the little candour of the robin, and to admire the coral hedge of the irreparable year," I feel sure that he will soon be trumpeting the immortality of Mrs. Meynell.

Mr. John Hollingshead has taken a "benefit" at the Empire, and I take the opportunity of offering him my best wishes. I admire him as one who has always combined enterprise with sense of humour. There are few Englishmen who can make solid achievements without losing their sense of proportion. Mr. Hollingshead is one of them. He cuts a very attractive figure in the annals of the stage.

I regret to announce that at the Comedy Theatre, last week, Mr. Ben Greet, the well-known actor, produced "Money." No motive is assigned for the rash act.

MAX.

#### FANCY INSURANCE POLICIES.

WE have already discussed the pros and cons of various kinds of life assurance policies; but there are some "fancy" policies being vigorously pushed by several offices which we have not yet commented on. One of these, frequently known as the Family Settlement policy, provides that the sum assured shall remain in the hands of the life office after the death of the assured; and that interest upon it shall be paid, at the rate of 4 per cent., or sometimes 5 per cent. per annum, so long as the beneficiary named in the policy survives the assured. The sum assured is paid in cash at the death of the beneficiary, or of the assured, whichever occurs last. It is obvious that no insurance company can undertake to pay 5 or even 4 per cent. on money left in their hands without being paid extra for so doing, consequently the premium for a Family Settlement policy is higher than the premium for an ordinary policy. The difference between the two premiums is simply an annual payment to purchase a deferred annuity, which commences after the death assured, and continues until the death of the beneficiary. In some cases it is arranged that this deferred annuity shall continue for a fixed term, such as twenty years, instead of being dependent upon the life of the beneficiary, but the principle is the same in both cases.

We imagine that when a man takes a policy of the "family settlement" order he does not as a rule recognise that he is purchasing a deferred annuity, or if he does that he fails to see what a silly thing it is to purchase. A deferred annuity is the exact opposite of life assurance. By means of life assurance an individual gets rid of the financial consequences of premature death—at least to some extent—and by so doing escapes from a position of uncertainty into a position of financial certainty. By taking a deferred annuity, especially if it is on the life of a beneficiary, he pays something for which he may get nothing in return; that is to say he gives up the possession of the cost of the annuity and obtains in return only the possibility of his estate receiving the annuity payments. It is therefore a foolish thing for an individual to buy a deferred annuity, except possibly in some very exceptional circumstances, although it is of course satisfactory enough to an insurance company to sell the annuity. Dealing with the probabilities of life on a large scale the law of average comes in and the element of risk disappears; but in the case of an individual the risk remains and the law of average does not apply. We do not think that any sensible individual would be found to purchase deferred annuities by themselves, because of the inherently unattractive character of such an investment, and we cannot see that they become any more attractive by being mixed up with a life assurance policy.

There is a further point to be noticed in connexion with fancy policies of all kinds. For the most part the extra premium charged for them does not participate in profits, and in making calculations in regard to future mortality, rates of interest, and expenses, the office naturally has to allow a margin for contingencies, with the result that the premium paid for the extra benefit is in excess of the actual cost of the benefit. Hence the deferred annuity, or any other fancy benefit, which is probably not worth purchasing at all, is actually paid for at a price in excess of its mathematical value. It is probable that many of these fancy schemes are brought out in order to give the agents of the companies something fresh to talk about and to provide advertisements that may attract inquiry on account of some supposed novelty, or advantages attaching to the schemes. But it is doubtful whether any actuary who devises them considers them to possess any merit, and in a fit of candour he would probably advise an intending assurer to take a whole life or endowment assurance policy in preference. Practically all the leaflets about fancy policies that we have seen conceal the true character of the contract—that is to say, they never give an indication to the uninitiated of the component parts of the scheme, and they mostly endeavour to make out that some heaven-born genius has brought some brand-new revelation of unexampled advantages, only to be obtained from the X Y Z Company or any of its agents. Most fancy policies are unattractive, and most circulars about them are somewhat undignified, and more or less misleading.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### THE LAMBETH OPINION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

11 Hill Street, Berkeley Square, January 31, 1900.

SIR,—Will you allow me to explain, as briefly as possible, the reasons which have influenced me in my opposition to the Lambeth "Judgment"? Putting aside, for the moment, the question whether the Archbishop in his office as Primate has the right to dictate to the Church at large, and to abolish any of her customs by an arbitrary exercise of power, I could not accept a mere "opinion" as having any binding force, especially when it was the direct outcome of ruffianly agitation. That the meeting of the two Archbishops was not a court with mandatory powers we have Dr. Temple's own authority for saying, and therefore those bishops who have used the pronouncement to coerce and harass

certain of their clergy, are guilty of acts of unwarrantable tyranny, without a shred of justification. But supposing the decision had been issued by the Archbishops claiming to have full mandatory powers, would it be entitled to our obedience? I say most emphatically no, and for the reasons which I gave to the Archbishop the other day; no Bishop can, on his own authority, abolish a custom pertaining to the whole Church; this can only be done by an Œcumenical Council, and the individual Bishop may only regulate its use. In spite, also, of what the Primate said to the contrary, I cannot but feel that to allow to Canterbury any such power as he claimed would be to establish a worse than Papal tyranny, for the Pope does not issue a decree without the matter being fully discussed in Council. You say, Sir, "At length we have a spiritual question submitted to a wholly spiritual authority, which considers it and decides it from a standpoint purely spiritual." But as I have endeavoured to show, there was no real court at all, and the pronouncement of the two Archbishops cannot have more weight than a mere expression of opinion, entitled to the respect which is due to the utterances of any men of position and ability, but with no sort of binding authority. A secular judge can only give judgment when sitting in a properly constituted court, and the Archbishop's position is not sufficient of itself to give him the right to pronounce arbitrary decisions on questions of faith and practice. No one regrets the want of discipline in the Church of England more than I, but I do not believe that anything would be gained by submitting on the question of incense, because other matters of grave importance would be jeopardised. The real object of Protestant attack is neither incense nor processional lights, but the whole Sacramental system of the Church, and the surrendering of these two ceremonial adjuncts would but whet their appetite for more. I have just been informed that a certain bishop in the south of England has ordered one of his clergy not merely to give up his incense, but also the mixed chalice, wafer bread and the use of the cope. Does this not show which way the wind blows, and that the aim of the Protestant and Erastian party is to undo the whole work of the past fifty years? Obedience is a desirable thing, but there are occasions when disobedience is also a duty, and I think that this is one. Where should we be now if men like Lowder, Mackonochie and many others had submitted to their bishops? Can any one doubt but that the Church would have remained in the deplorable condition of ceremonial slovenliness and doctrinal flabbiness which characterised her before the Oxford Movement? All that we have gained in the last half-century we owe to men who were not afraid to disobey when obedience would have meant betrayal of their own conscience and treachery to the Church. It seems to me that we are in the same position to-day, because the object of attack is not a ceremony, but a vital article of the Faith, namely, the Real Presence of Our Blessed Lord in the Sacrament of the Altar. There is one other reason for retaining the use of incense which to my mind is of much importance. It is perfectly true that to the Western mind it is a ceremonial adjunct of Divine worship which, per se, is not of great importance. Not so, however, with the Orthodox Eastern Church, which looks on it as absolutely essential to Christian worship, and uses it on every possible occasion. Now, since it has been the earnest endeavour of many of us to bring about an understanding between the Eastern Church and our own, it is obvious that to surrender what they consider of such great importance would be to jeopardise our hopes of that understanding and to put off the re-establishment of intercommunion indefinitely. These are the main points which have weighed with me in my opposition to the Archbishop, and I see no reason, in anything that has been said, to modify my resistance. I felt deeply the kindness and courtesy of the Primate to the deputation the other day, and sympathised with, though I did not share, his apprehensions of the results of disestablishment. That it would be quite an unmixed blessing, I do not pretend, the country would certainly be a loser. But having regard to the welfare of the Church herself, I cannot but believe that it is absolutely

essential, if she is to be preserved from becoming a mere department of the State, without true life of her own, and if she is to retain unimpaired that Faith which has been handed down to her and which it is her bounden duty to pass on to posterity, that the connection between Church and State should be severed. An Established Church was well enough when every member of the governing classes was a Churchman, but now that Parliament consists of men of all religions and no religion at all, it has become an anomaly.

NEWCASTLE.

## WAS IT WORTH IT?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—During the Spanish-American war, I was one of the few who maintained that it was both base and impolitic to throw over our old ally Spain and humiliate ourselves before the United States in the vain hope of alliance with that Power.

My views were held to be sentimental. Events have proved them practical and have shown that the "Pan-Anglian" rhapsodists were the true sentimentalists. That our conduct was base, is I think amply proved, by the fact that we sided with the stronger Power against the weaker.

True we did so, with many platitudes about "progress," "civilisation," and "Pan-Anglianism."

Progress and civilisation are not mere matters of flags (barred, or striped, with due garnishings of stars and caps of liberty), but include such things, as shorter hours of labour, lessening of division between classes and kindly treatment of coloured races. Are the working hours in Cuba shorter to-day than they were under the Spaniards? Those who know the American capitalists can answer this question.

As to division of classes, anyone who knows New York can speak as to the unfathomable gulf between the rich and the poor in that city.

Lastly when did anyone ever hear of intermarriage between an American and a coloured woman? Yet such intermarriages often took place in all the Spanish colonies. It may be that ere long, Lynch Law will be introduced into Cuba, and that possibly will be the sum of the Cuban gain.

To speak of the Philippines is an offence, the last state of those unhappy islands being at present a disgrace to humanity and civilisation. I now come to the impolicy of our action. We threw over and insulted Spain in her necessity, thus securing one more enemy in Europe, when we had already not a single friend but herself. Moreover we deliberately sacrificed the help of a nation, which though fallen upon evil times must always be taken into account in all settlements of naval and military questions on the Mediterranean coasts; a nation also which in the event of a war between France and England could materially help either Power.

What have we gained by all our squirmings and grovellings before the United States?

An Open Door. Yes, and a booted foot to kick us through it. It was ever the sneak's reward to be thus treated.

But have we even gained the Open Door?

That remains to be proved.

It may stand ajar whilst President McKinley is in office; but there are not wanting indications that should the Democrats enter into power it would be immediately slammed in our faces.

It should not be forgotten that the United States is a strongly Protectionist Power.

Let us now come to the present time. Our affairs in South Africa are not in a brilliant condition.

We have had our reverses, and all Europe has laughed in chorus.

According to the "Pan-Anglian" theory, help and commiseration should have come from "our own flesh and blood," from "our cousins beyond the sea," from "that great and growing people derived from the same stock as ourselves and akin to us in thought in language and in sympathy (sic)."

Have they come?

On the contrary from one end of the United States



to the other enthusiastic meetings in favour of the Boers have been held against us.

At those meetings we have been denounced as "oppressors" as "pirates" as "robbers" and as "bullies."

It may be that these epithets are our due; but surely those who uttered them ("our own flesh and blood") must have forgotten the meaning of the word "Kewby."

Money has been collected at these meetings and forwarded, to the "patriots of the South African Republics righteously struggling for liberty."

More than that, on Monday last it was stated in the United States Senate, that 95 per cent. of American opinion was opposed to us in the present contest.

All alliance with us has been repeatedly and contemptuously repudiated, not only at public meetings, but by American statesmen.

It is hard to teach an old dog to do tricks, and harder to remove by a few after-dinner speeches the rooted antipathy of a hundred years. We have failed in receiving, not only the sympathy, but almost the neutrality of the United States, as it is stated that a loan is to be negotiated in that country for the Transvaal Government.

It is certain that from no country have such emphatic protests come about "food stuffs" being declared "contraband of war," as from the United States.

It now remains to be seen if that country will be the first to receive an envoy from the South African Republics. It is possible that the first offer of intervention may come from America, that is if 95 per cent. of the population hate and despise us, and sympathise with the Boers.

Truth and Justice (for all I know) may be somewhere or other; but if they are, they were "there" when, with insulting language, we threw over Spain our ancient ally, and came magnanimously to the assistance of America, squirming and sniffing on our bellies, to receive the smallest measure of her favour.

Was it worth while, so to forswear ourselves for such a despicable cause, and have not events proved that we acted impolitically and in a base and miserable fashion?

Was it worth while?

In some doubt,

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

#### THE ASSUMPTIONISTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

January 31, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—I venture, knowing how desirous you ever are of seeing justice meted out to even those who differ from you in race, religion and opinion, to ask leave to say a few words about the above-named much-abused order of monks. In a country where the Government is largely in the hands of a "sect" only too evidently hostile to religion and busily occupied in decreasing its influence, the organ of the Assumptionist Fathers, "La Croix," was and is (for under other auspices its publication will be continued) a matter well calculated to arouse distrust and even hatred. I have read dozens of copies of "La Croix" and am bound to say that I failed to discover in it any trace of the iniquities with which it has been so widely credited. I never read a single line of its contents which was either immoral or irreligious, which is a great deal more than I can say for the majority of its competitors in the French press, including the belauded "Aurore" and "Siècle," both of which are often abominably blasphemous. "La Croix" did not advocate belief in the innocence of Dreyfus, neither did our English paper "Truth." It praised the army: if it had not done so half its subscribers would have dropped. People are very apt in this country to accuse the French priests of "seizing upon the army for their own ends," &c., &c. Nonsense! If so many French officers happen to be educated by the priests the fault is entirely due to an antichristian and atheistical Government which has

completely eliminated all allusion even to the existence of God from the scheme of education imparted in its State schools and colleges, the military colleges included. Parents who do not wish their sons grow up blatant atheists prefer sending them to schools kept by ecclesiasts, and hence the priests get more pupils than they can well accommodate. Whose fault is this? That of the Government or of the priests? To return to the Assumptionists and their condemnation. The matter cuts deeper than perhaps your readers imagine. It strikes at the root of two important "liberties"—the liberty of the Press and the liberty of association. The actual French law has it that no more than twenty persons may associate together for any given purpose.

If the Assumptionists are eventually condemned—mind the trial is by no means over yet but is to be carried to other Courts—the right of association for any purpose, be it religious, educational or commercial is directly menaced. No club, shop, or even Masonic Lodge can endure under such circumstances; and can be dissolved any day those in power choose to find or invent some pretext for annoyance. Surely liberty is very little understood in a country which renders illegal the association of more than twenty men or women for any particular purpose. In England and America, thank God, if a man chooses to buy say the Grand Hotel or the Stock Exchange, if it were for sale, and convert it into a Trappists' monastery or a dancing academy no one could or would interfere provided its new inmates paid their taxes and behaved themselves. In France, under the present Government which mistakes license for liberty, it is otherwise. If the French Government, which, after all, has been unable to trace any genuine act of treason to the Fathers, displayed as much zeal in persecuting the authors and artists of the abominably indecent caricatures which defile the shop windows of the principal boulevards of Paris and even of those in some of the streets in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square, London, that it has displayed in the persecution of the "Croix" it would do well. All sectarian papers are apt to be fanatical. "La Croix" is the "War Cry" of France. Possibly it does good among the godless class who evidently like it, for its sale is enormous. It has brought the names of God and Christ into places where they would otherwise never have been heard of. Hence possibly the rigorous onslaught made against it whilst "Le Rire," the "Gil Blas," "Le Giblot," "L'Antichrist" and a swarm of other abominations are patted on the back and freely allowed to sap all sense of decency and respect in the land. "La Croix," I repeat, has not demoralised the community—many of its contemporaries have done so. I admire neither the "War Cry" nor "La Croix," but I do freedom of the Press, and this attempt on the part of the French Government to gag it is merely another proof of the profound corruption which reigns in high places in our neighbour's capital.

RICHARD DAVEY.

#### THE "ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

27 January, 1900.

SIR,—It is not greatly to our credit that the earliest protest against the idiotic "Absent-minded Beggar" outburst should come from the Cape. But there is the less regret on this score, seeing the subject has been so vigorously handled by your correspondent J. F. Comerford, who dates from Graaff Reinet, in the Colony. It is little less than a scandal and an outrage that the soldiers of the Queen should be exploited, and made ridiculous for the glorification of a prancing poetaster and the pushful publisher of a halfpenny dreadful. Patriotism must have sunk very low in this country if it requires the stimulus of a music-hall jingle; and the English people are not what I take them for if they do not wake up some fine morning thoroughly ashamed of themselves. The Scotch have not made such summative asses of themselves; but then they have "Scots Wha Hae" to rouse their patriotism, and "Auld Lang Syne" to soothe the feelings of their

departing heroes. These are classics which your ranting rhymester may not emulate, and yet he would be a bold man who would propose to substitute them for the doggerel of the "Absent-minded Beggar," in the present temper of the English multitude. All the talk about "Tommy" and the "Gentleman in Khaki" is, like much else from the same source, the purest clap-trap, and I fancy the soldiers themselves must be the first to see through it. Those are the truest friends of the soldier who treat him as a man, and not as a brute; who expect him to fight, and even to die if need be; and who are prepared to see that he and his have the reward of their loyalty and devotion. All beyond this is mere cant and hypocrisy, whether expressed in prose or verse, and whether in the language of the drawing-room or the tap-room.

For the life of me, I have never been able to see the connexion between an "Absent-minded Beggar" and a soldier. I noticed a little while ago that a lady had written to the author of the jingle to ask what was the connexion, and was told that soldiers were usually absent-minded, and that "beggar" was a "term of endearment." But is that so? We speak of a "greedy beggar," and a "silly beggar," and a "lazy beggar," and an "ugly beggar," and a "surly beggar," but these are not exactly terms of endearment. The fact is, there is no connexion whatever, and that is why the unthinking multitude have taken to the rhyme, or jingle, or whatever else it is, with such avidity. By-and-bye they will begin to wonder what it is all about, and then they will realise what asses they have made of themselves. It is ever thus with the multitude, and Carlyle was right: "mostly fools."

Your obedient servant,

R. W. J.

#### CRIME AND PRISONS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

1 February, 1900.

SIR,—Army methods are being somewhat severely criticised just now; but in our prison administration we had military red tape rampant, plus a system of impenetrable secrecy; and the results were pitiful to contemplate.

But within the last two years some real progress has been made, and many old and quite incredible barbarities have been abolished.

That being so, it is noteworthy to read that last week Mr. Justice Grantham is reported to have said, that even the voice of the drunkard was hushed, and the sound of crime was almost still.

We have here a ready and practical lesson in social science. The prisons are more merciful. Yet serious crime is phenomenally low.

I do not say, *post hoc propter hoc*; but this should show, at least, how little mere punishment—the first and the last resource of the egoistic and the ignorant—affects the conduct of communities. — Faithfully yours,

GEORGE IVES.

#### RUSKIN AND VIVISECTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

30 January, 1900.

SIR,—In your last issue is a letter signed "Sidney G. Trist" in which he appears to take it for granted that all men of intellect are against vivisection, and expresses surprise that no mention has been made in the obituary notice of Dr. Martineau, Ruskin, and R. D. Blackmore of their violent and outspoken antipathy to the practice. Surely, sir, scientifically intellectual men are almost unanimous in upholding the absolute necessity, in the interests and furtherance of scientific research, of this most useful practice when properly and mercifully carried out, which has been the means of doing so much to place surgery and particularly brain surgery, in its present exalted position.

Science and art cannot amalgamate; John Ruskin would hate the idea of vivisection as he would a railway up Snowdon or trams in the neighbourhood of the

Vatican, though he tolerated the railway in the "Rain, Storm, and Speed" of his adored "J. W. M. T."

I remain, yours faithfully,

ARTHUR WILSON.

#### FOUNTAINS OF HONOUR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Kenchester, Hereford.

SIR,—Mr. H. Vivian has elected to constitute himself a fountain of honour in bestowing upon me a patent of baronetcy with inverted commas. I can assure him that I have not tried on the coronal of the order like Prince Hal the crown, because, with the exception of my sons, I happen to be in respect of heredity the junior member of a populous family—albeit, alas, the senior of all in respect of years.

The question is, what constitutes a sovereign? Is it the performance of sovereign functions, e.g. the signing of treaties and summoning of Parliaments? Is sovereignty real or merely nominal? Practically Cromwell was sovereign in all except coronation, as much so as the Bonapartes, whose right to the throne rested on the popular will. Usurper he was, but not the only usurper in our history—regicide also, and so was Richard III. From my standpoint the real value of the few Cromwellian honours granted by patent consists in their antiquity. The peerage and baronetage have been swamped, and largely by new men. As Mr. Vivian says, "a title nowadays is a passport to consideration;" and if that be so as regards mere mushroom titles, *a fortiori* in respect of titles which imply ancestry.

The statue is another matter, and one I may leave safely in the hands of Lord Rosebery.

COMPTON READE.

I too should wish Mr. Vivian's assertion that Cromwell's servants were not screened by statute might be discussed. His most faithful henchman, Sir Bulstrode Whitelocke, escaped the consequences of a close connexion with a not very sympathetic master. To what "servants" does Mr. V. refer?

#### AN IMPEACHMENT OF MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

27 Dawson Street, Wolverhampton,  
22 January, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—I read with interest the letters of your correspondents entitled "An Impeachment of Mr. Stephen Phillips." Your first correspondent regrets that Mr. Phillips' genius is not reflective of the modern scientific spirit, but sings of "unhappy far-off things," and I agree with him that a great poet should reflect the age in which he lives, and not try to hide himself in a world that is dead, though it may be interesting and fascinating in the highest degree. . . . Some time ago I read a small volume of poems which I think mirrored very truly the knowledge and also the nescience of our wonderful scientific age, and I will quote for your correspondents "A Sonnet" from that work which may be relevant to the subject under discussion. It is as follows:—

"THE UNKNOWNABLE."

We know not why we know not what we are,  
We know not how we know the things we know;  
Or how the mighty winds in tempests blow,  
Or shines in Heaven the silvery-beaming star;  
We know not how the cloudlets float afar,  
We know not how the humble streamlets flow,  
How mightiest starry systems flame and glow,  
How sorrow thrills and sinful passions jar.  
We know the world knows not itself nor how  
In man it came to know it, when the kiss  
Of fiery evolution whence has grown  
The world, gave birth to life, love, knowledge, bliss.  
One Truth there is before whose life we bow,  
The Unknownable is known to be unknown.

I remain, yours sincerely,

CLAUDE DE LISLE.



## REVIEWS.

## VICTOR HUGO ON HIMSELF.

"The Memoirs of Victor Hugo." With a Preface by Paul Meurice. Translated by John W. Harding. London: Heinemann. 1899. 10s.

M. PAUL MEURICE, in the volume which he has allowed to be called "The Memoirs of Victor Hugo," has done justice neither to his friend, his opportunity, nor his public. The title gave us the right to expect an authentic, if not a complete, autobiography; but we should not have complained if it had been merely a diary supplemented and connected with a running narrative and editorial explanations. What we get is a bundle of rough notes and unfinished scraps of composition—just the sweepings from Hugo's study. They contain, of course, some characteristic touches—*nilhil tetigit quod non hugaravit*. There are a few good stories of Hugo or one of his friends; and here and there a side-light is thrown on some scene in a life full of excitement and turmoil. Such passages, however, are rare, and the only excuse for publishing the book is the explanation of our reading it with pleasure—that it was written by Hugo. You may dislike him, you may laugh at him, but you cannot help being interested in him. Even his fustian is the best of its kind. M. Meurice may, therefore, be pardoned for his misleading description of the goods he has put on the market, and Mr. Harding can be thanked without reserve for a translation which only at times smacks of the French idiom.

It is impossible to read about Hugo without thinking of Gladstone. One expounded, and both so successfully practised, the Art of being a Grand Old Man. Apparently, it consists in the Art of being in a Passion. If you would attain and enjoy a green old age you must give as much play to your emotions as you give exercise to your limbs and bodily functions. Control your temper, and you brood over your trouble. Relieve the one, and you forget the other. Roughly speaking, Victor Hugo and Mr. Gladstone each had half a century of hard fighting: the only relaxation was found in a change of adversaries—or change of opinions. Driven from the central arena of political and literary polemics, Hugo consoled himself for Paris by polishing up, in the Channel Islands, his furious invectives against Louis Napoleon; and when Mr. Gladstone thought for a time that Liberalism was a failure he started a tilting match with the Vatican. No matter how savagely the conflict raged, we have never heard that either of them ever lost a night's sleep through thinking about the struggle afterwards. They worked off their spleen, and felt all the better afterwards. It has another advantage, this judicious enagement. It makes a man sure he is right. Thinking by himself he might see both sides of a question—which is death to the practical politician. But once engaged in dispute he regards counter-arguments as things to be beaten down, not considered on their merits. This state of mind was particularly useful to Mr. Gladstone in the various faiths, too numerous to mention here, which he swore by, and it was equally serviceable to Hugo, who began life as an ardent Royalist, became a moderate Legitimist, turned into a temperate Republican, and ended as an extreme Radical. In literature he was less versatile: still he did begin as a Conservative, almost as a Classicist, and became the standard-bearer, if not the leader, of the Romanticist insurrection. It was his famous Preface to "Cromwell" that formulated the new movement, and it was at the first night of his "Hernani" that Théophile Gautier wore the famous red-satin vest which was made the emblem of an artistic insurrection.

Gautier, Dumas, Banville, Sainte-Beuve, Musset, De Vigny, Nerva—what a strangely assorted band of conspirators! And how little they had in common with their protagonist! For Hugo's, though not the greatest or the subtlest, was undoubtedly the commanding mind. And their judgment at the time—some of them recanted or modified it—has been borne out by results. Others of them wrote better things than the best of Hugo's, but none of them produced anything approaching in bulk to what will remain of his when the rubbish has been sifted away. The versatility of the man is more astonish-

ing than his productiveness. In each style, if not reaching the highest place, yet coming so very near it, the author of "Hernani," of "Notre Dame de Paris," and "Les Misérables," of "Les Orientales," of "Napoléon le Petit" and "Les Châtiments" takes permanent rank as a dramatist, novelist, poet, and satirist. Yet he is not, probably never will be, fairly estimated by Englishmen. We are too conscious of his faults. He was a charlatan, we say, and so he was. Then we put him aside as worthless. But there we are wrong.

One of the things said about Hugo—in the critical cant of the period—is that his work was dominated by his personality. It is true, in a sense. He did put everything in a way of his own, and that way was artificial always, sometimes it was fantastic—even bombastic. But these were not qualities of the man. At home or in the company of friends he was gay, simple, genial. Always an egoist, of course; but loyal to comrades, the best of fathers, and, as men go, a good husband—though there *was* a Madame D. On the whole, however, he was a sterling man. Nor can it be said of him that even in public life he turned his coat only to serve his personal interests. He accepted pensions and ribbons and dignities from three Kings, but before he became a Republican the Monarchy had made itself impossible, nor was he one of the first to desert it. He never bit the hand which had fed him. And having accepted the Republic he stood by it, although Louis Napoleon courted him and at the outset inspired a friendly feeling. This is the impression recorded in February, 1849:—

"Although he is animated with the best intentions in the world, and has a very visible quantity of intelligence and aptitude, I fear that Louis Bonaparte will find his task too much for him. To him France, the century, the new spirit, the instincts peculiar to the soil and the period are closed books. He looks without understanding them at minds that are working, Paris, events, men, things, and ideas. He belongs to that class of ignorant persons who are called princes and to that category of foreigners who are called émigrés. To those who examine him closely he has the air of a patriot rather than a governing man."

Louis Napoleon had the "cold manner of the Dutch," and this Hugo attributes to the free and easy ways of Queen Hortense—he was "a memento of Holland." Hugo attended the first official dinner given by Louis Napoleon, and came away puzzled at this "bourgeois-republican-imperial mixture, this surface of a deep unfathomed quantity that to-day is called President of the Republic"—this personage who "sticks at nothing to attain his ends." Already, it seems, Hugo had his suspicions, yet he was not prepared for the event that caused him to become an exile and write his scathing "History of a Crime." This was the first occasion on which he was called upon to suffer for his opinions, and it must always be remembered to his credit that the usurper never obtained his forgiveness or even mitigated his enmity. For nineteen years he remained in exile, though Paris was to him the very air of life, rather than cease from denouncing the "Man of December." So again, when the great débâcle had come about, he was one of the small minority who spoke against ratifying the Treaty of Paris, and rather than be party to the national surrender he resigned his seat in the Assembly. Theatrical, flighty, petulant, his conduct on this occasion may have been: but we cannot help admiring his staunchness in sticking to an impossible position. After the Commune had been put down, when he was living at Brussels, he announced that his house there would be an asylum open to any of the refugees, though nobody had less sympathy with incendiary politics than the prosperous paterfamilias who had made a good copyright property out of every revolution in his time. Unfortunately the Belgian authorities took a different view of the position: they did not intend to have the city over-run with political assassins, and politely informed the intending host of these interesting strangers that he must find some other place for the exercise of public hospitality.

What was there wanting in Hugo which leaves him, in literature as in life, only half a hero? Genius, industry, passion, inventiveness—all these he had in a

greater degree than many who have won higher fame. Perhaps it was that he lacked the power of self-criticism. His egoism was so enormous and so sincere that he could not understand that his best on any occasion was not good in itself, and so allowed himself to publish more sheer trash than any writer of his own rank. And the other quality in which he was notably deficient is one that is often combined with self-criticism. Humour is the most dangerous of gifts for a man who wishes to get on in the world; it is very apt to prevent him from taking himself seriously. He does nothing because he is painfully sensitive of his own limitations. Hugo, of course, was abnormally in earnest about himself. Equally abnormal was his lack of humour. Witness the story he tells of himself when he visited Rheims Cathedral in 1838. He was taken up to the "attics" at the top. The beadle, we are told, looked at some dirt on the floor. He knew the marks of the different birds who frequented the place. "This is a rook," he said; "this is a hawk; this is an owl." "You ought to study the human heart," replied Victor Hugo. When he made this remarkable speech he was not a lad trying to "get a rise" out of a pompous official: he was a man thirty-six years old who wished, as he always wished, to improve the occasion. We may fairly say that the force of the Sententious can no further go.

#### A PROTESTANT AGITATOR.

"The Secret History of the Oxford Movement." By Walter Walsh. With a new Preface containing a reply to Critics. Popular Edition. London: Sonnenschein. 1899. 1s.

MR. WALTER WALSH has floated into prominence on a wave of popular prejudice, and he appreciates the fact. He now applies himself to work more systematically the vein of influence he has struck. A popular edition of the "Secret History of the Oxford Movement," garnished with two highly characteristic prefaces, and reduced in price to the modest sum of 1s. has now appeared. It is avowedly designed to "bring the book within reach of the working classes. It is hoped that many of those to whom God has given wealth will purchase large quantities for free distribution amongst those who cannot afford to purchase even this Popular Edition." All this is arranged "in view of the forthcoming General Election." The "Secret History" certainly failed with the educated public, will it enjoy better fortune with the ignorant multitude? It is not unlikely that this should be the case, for the one vital condition of Mr. Walsh's success is that he shall be accepted on his own description of himself, and that condition, necessarily absent where natural intelligence is assisted by any measure of knowledge, may perhaps be provided in the lower strata of society. He has many qualifications for success as an agitator, and from the nature of the case he can count on a large measure of popular sympathy in certain directions. He sticks to his guns, which has an appearance of courage: he multiplies quotations which suggests learning: he "exposes" something "secret," or "abominable," or "scandalous" on every page which is interesting: and he deals destruction among bishops and clergy, which, of course, is pleasing. Above all he takes himself most seriously: he has not the faintest inkling of a suspicion that he is mistaken. His gravity is proof against paradox and impregnable to humour. Every word breathes conviction. He is the perfect model of the honest agitator for he has completely hoodwinked himself.

In the prefaces to the Popular Edition Mr. Walsh makes answer to his critics, and he evidently flatters himself that he does so with triumphant success. He certainly succeeds in proving himself inaccessible to criticism. In the exaltation of his fanaticism he is above argument, but his fanaticism is quite up to date. He argues impossible cases with an elaborate and methodical care which almost induces a suspicion that he has some formidable evidence up his sleeve. He reminds us of the quasi-scientific "demonstrations" of the genuineness of the "Holy Coat" at Trèves. There is the same attorney-like skill in arranging details, the same industry, the same appalling certitude, and the same

exasperating inability to grasp the intrinsic worthlessness of the whole argument. No doubt the folly of the extreme Ritualists has provided considerable materials for such an indictment as Mr. Walsh has advanced. They resemble nothing so much as sentimental school-girls interchanging confidences on their aspirations and persecutions. These little semi-devotional societies are happily for the most part private, or even "secret." In so far as they are religious they necessarily avoid self-advertisement: in so far as they are eccentric, or unpopular they naturally avoid publicity. The intolerable thing would be for them to take the other course. If every vagary of devotion is to rush into notice by public announcement, as Mr. Walsh desires, neither the credit of religion nor the patience of sane men could endure the infliction. This clamour about "secrecy" is pure moonshine.

The "abominations" of the Confessional, and the duplicity of "Reserve" are fixed ideas in Mr. Walsh's mind. The folly and worse of the publishers of "The Priest in Absolution" may be admitted without admitting also the monstrous allegation that a number of English clergymen deliberately organised the abuse of what they at least believed to be a Divine Sacrament. For nothing less than this is Mr. Walsh's contention or implication (p. xxvi.). That the grossest abuses have gathered about the practice of Confession is true, but it is not true that those abuses have been at any time, or in any part of the Church avowedly organised by the clergy: they have come from the fault of individuals, or the defects of the system, or the general degradation of morals. Such abuses have the same explanations and the same extenuations as the moral mischiefs which are well known to attach to Revivalist movements among Protestants, and which expose those movements to the same excessive suspicions among Roman Catholics as Mr. Walsh exhibits with regard to the Confessional. In both cases the frequency of the abuses indicates a chronic danger, and suggests the necessity of careful regulation. In neither ought it to justify such sweeping and injurious condemnations as those which the "Secret History" contains. "I have objected to nothing as 'Roman,'" says Mr. Walsh in answer to Dr. Sanday's criticism, "which an overwhelming majority of the most learned English divines since the Reformation have not also objected to on the same ground." Would Mr. Walsh be content to leave the solemn and difficult ministry of "the Confessional" where Hammond, Taylor, Cosin, Ken, Thorndike and many other standard Anglican divines left it? In that case he must agree to unite in a common bonfire two extravagant works in which he is much interested, the "Priest in Absolution" and the "Secret History of the Oxford Movement." We trust, but we cannot profess to be confident, that the healthy common sense of the working classes assisted by their sense of justice will add its weight to the censure which has already been passed on Mr. Walsh's mischievous book by the practically universal judgment of all who are qualified to criticise its "facts" and weigh its "arguments."

#### MR. GOLDWIN SMITH'S POLITICAL HISTORY.

"The United Kingdom: a Political History." By Goldwin Smith. 2 vols. London: Macmillan. 1899. 15s. net.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH pleads that the friends who urged him to undertake this task know that it has been performed by the hand of extreme old age, but his apology is superfluous. His thought is as luminous, his style is as vigorous, his prejudices are as inveterate, as in the palmiest days of his prime. The professed object is to give the ordinary reader a clear, connected, and succinct view of the political history of the United Kingdom as it appears in the light of recent research and discussion, but we do not use an elephant's trunk to pick up pins or the intellect of a Goldwin Smith to summarise the writings of Stubbs, Freeman, Gardiner, and Lecky. The book will stand or fall as a work of original genius written from the author's familiar standpoint, sometimes clouded by predominant preconceptions but usually commanding a width of prospect and retrospect such as few thinkers



have attained. A brilliant essayist, however, always shines less brightly when he turns historian, and Mr. Goldwin Smith is too proficient as an advocate to adorn the judgment seat. At times he revels in gibes and flouts of which a smart journalist might be proud; he often uses vituperation which recalls the minor political pamphleteers of bygone centuries; in some matters he almost drops the pretence of impartiality. The advantages of the union with Ireland are intruded in season and out of season; the shortcomings of hereditary government are exposed with ever-present vehemence and oft-failing logic. Moot points about which careful students are still cudgelling weary brains are decided with the infallibility of a papal encyclical. The writer struggles in vain, or struggles not at all, to do justice to men or institutions outside the range of his personal sympathies. Wolsey's key to power was, we are told, the art of playing on a despot's humour, as though the royal tyranny had not been the fatal impediment to his splendid statesmanship. The Established Church comes in for random knocks intended, we suppose, to establish the author's fidelity to old-fashioned Radicalism. The State applied the same principle when it recognised the customary right of the Church to tithe and the customary right of the villain to his holding, but the former process is called "using the arm of force," the latter "industrial emancipation." Partisanship can no further go than to describe the sovereign as "head" of the "State establishment" in the very reign in which that title was finally repudiated, and it is small consolation to be told in a subsequent page that "whether Elizabeth's ecclesiastical title was head or governor," she regarded herself as "in all Church matters supreme." A history without such blemishes would not be the work of Mr. Goldwin Smith, but there are others which we should have expected him to avoid. In some places his scholarship is out of date, as when he follows Freeman's account of the battle of Hastings in seeming ignorance of recent scathing criticisms; in others we find a disproportionate treatment of great periods, the most flagrant instance being the condensation of old English polity into fifteen pages.

Mr. Goldwin Smith wisely closes his history of the United Kingdom with the year 1841. His chapter on the Empire, in which he sometimes strays into discussions of later events, shows that controversies in which he has himself shared transform the philosophical historian into the political gladiator. His treatment of the development of the British dominion before the Queen's accession, especially in Hindostan, often surprises and pleases us. He draws a fine contrast, with regard to unselfishness and beneficence of aim, between the British Empire in India and the Spanish Empire in South America; he speaks of the Indian Civil Service as by far the greatest that the world has ever seen; he vindicates Warren Hastings as the organiser of consummate ability who saved British rule in India; he praises Wellesley at the expense of the cheesemongers of Leadenhall Street. When he deals with his own contemporaries, he at once sinks to a much lower level. He sneers at British anxiety about Herat; he accuses his countrymen of atrocities in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny not less horrible than those of the rebels; he indicts the English in Jamaica in 1865 as the authors of a reign of terror which brought a serious stain upon England's honour; he suggests that Sir John Macdonald's statesmanship was mere party management; he pities Canada as having hardly yet attained the status of a nation, because it lives under a constitution imposed by external authority and without the power of peace or war. A writer with such infatuations and obliquities of judgment rightly leaves the history of his own times to other hands.

With all its faults this is a great book in its way. Mr. Goldwin Smith has tried to carry on the torch of Gibbon and Hume, and the very attempt is glorious in this age of painstaking annalists. His soul marches with the progress of the English race; he takes heart of grace from its past, and seems to have a prevailing faith in its future. No other living writer could have given the same enchantment to the development of English institutions, or have traced the conflicts of classes and parties with the same enthusiasm. When he is

examining the pretended blessings of the Norman Conquest, or crushing modern apologists for Henry VIII., he rises to a height of dignified sarcasm worthy of the golden age of English prose, but his finest power is displayed when he contemplates the disturbance of national tendencies by the rise of a great genius or appraises the historical significance of a political convulsion. Well-worn subjects like the constitutional position of the Commonwealth and the origin of party government are rejuvenated and illumined; he discovers germinating principles where others lose themselves in a desert of disconnected details. An interpreter, according to his lights, of the "unwritten and sure laws of the gods, that were not born to-day or yesterday, but live for ever, and no man knows whence they came," of which Sophocles speaks, he strives, even when his judgments are furthest from perfection, to reach the reality of things, to detect the deeper forces under tragedies and revolutions. Scholars will study his pages for suggestions and inspirations, and we fear that the ordinary reader for whom they are primarily intended will mistake the boldness of his generalisations for the security of historical truth.

#### PREHISTORIC SCOTLAND.

"Prehistoric Scotland and its Place in European Civilisation." By Robert Munro. London: Blackwood. 1899. 7s. 6d. net.

DR. MUNRO'S name is a guarantee that his book is both sound and thorough. He is not only a learned student of prehistoric antiquity, but also a practical archaeologist to whom the discovery of crannogs or lake-dwellings in the south of Scotland is largely due. He is conversant with all the methods of modern archaeology, and his intimate acquaintance with the local archaeology of Scotland is supplemented by a wide and accurate knowledge of archaeological research in other European countries. The result is that his book is packed with interesting facts, of which prehistoric Scotland forms as it were the focus. While primarily occupied with the past history of Scotland as disclosed by excavation and discovery, it nevertheless gives us a picture of human life throughout Western Europe in what it is convenient to call the prehistoric age.

The width of the survey necessarily makes the book rather hard reading, and it must be confessed that the author seems sometimes to be overwhelmed by the multitude of his facts and to forget that his readers are not as well acquainted with them as himself. Hence his meaning is not always as clear as it might be. Thus in speaking of the jade and jadeite ornaments that have been found in Western Europe he first tells us that "the number of jade axes known in Europe may be roughly estimated at 200," and then goes on to speak of "the stations in Lake Constance" as having "alone yielded over 1,000 specimens" of celts and chisels presumably of that material. But such instances of want of clearness are not numerous, and are easily to be explained from the quantity of matter which the author has compressed into a single handy volume; on the whole his style is lucid, and the arrangement of his materials leaves nothing to be desired.

The position of Scotland makes it the extreme point of European civilisation, where the stream of culture from the East and South comes finally to an end. The relics of the past which have been exhumed from its bogs and tumuli can be understood only in the light of those which have been found in England or on the Continent. It was the last resting-place of the races who have peopled Western Europe and of the arts and customs which they brought with them. Its prehistoric age did not begin till long after that of the rest of Europe. Indeed in the palæolithic period it was still too cold for human habitation; it resembled the Greenland of to-day and the lowlands were still probably under the sea. Dr. Munro is doubtless right in refusing to see in the water-worn pebbles of the river and coast gravels any evidence of human labour. It was not till Neolithic man appeared upon the scene that Scotland became fit for his habitation, and that savage hunters and their dogs made their way to its forest-clad hills. Great

changes have taken place in the level of the land since that period. The rock-shelters which have been found at Oban and elsewhere show that since the days when they offered a refuge to the fishermen who collected shell-fish from the waves that dashed into them the land has risen to a height of about thirty feet. At the same time the interior of the country was covered with thick forests and lofty trees, among which the elk and the urus, the wolf and the bear freely roamed. There was no room as yet in the country for an agricultural race. The Neolithic period was succeeded by the Bronze age. Bronze was introduced from the South and made its way slowly northwards, gradually supplanting the old and inferior Neolithic culture with its tools and weapons of stone or bone. The Bronze age lasted long among the Scotch hills, down in fact to an epoch considerably later than that of the Roman conquest of Britain. But iron had already become known, at all events to a limited extent, to the natives of the North. The so-called late Celtic period with its instruments of iron is represented in the south of Scotland, as for example in Kirkcudbrightshire. But whereas in England it goes back to a time anterior to the Roman conquest, in Scotland the remains it has left behind are associated with objects of the Roman age. The Caledonians north of the Roman Wall were but little affected by the civilisation that prevailed to the south of it. To the Romanised Briton they were what the Australian savage is to the Englishman of to-day, or we may add what the Highlander seemed to the Englishman of the seventeenth century.

Among the most interesting remains that the men of prehistoric Scotland have left behind them are the monuments of the dead and the fortified dwelling-places of the living. Cairns and tumuli, menhirs and stone-circles can be traced all along the northern coast of Africa, through Western Spain and France, into the Highlands of Scotland. Callernish in the Hebrides and Stennis in the Orkneys are among the most remarkable stone-circles in the world, and the chambered cairns of Clava near Nairn take us back, by their form and construction, to the north of Africa. The vitrified forts found near Inverness and other places are a distinguishing characteristic of Scotland, and remind us of the vitrified temple walls of ancient Babylonia. Piles of brushwood were built up against the walls of the fortress and then set on fire, thus converting the outside surface of the walls into a sort of solid concrete. Equally characteristic of Scotland are the brochs with their many chambers and half-subterranean passages, though their construction belongs to a comparatively late time, and they were perhaps built to protect the Celtic natives from the incursions of the Norwegians. The most perfect of them now existing is that of Mousa in the Shetlands with its great round tower of masonry. Even more interesting are the crannogs or lake dwellings, similar to those which have been discovered in Switzerland. Like the lake village that has been found in the old "mere" near Glastonbury, they belong to the late Celtic age, and numberless objects have been recovered from them which illustrate the life and culture of their inhabitants. Shoes and dresses, finger-rings and buckles, bridle-bits and combs, even coins and glass beads, are among the relics that have been preserved in them. One of them has lately been found on the north bank of the Clyde, not in a fresh-water lake but in the mud of a tidal river, over which a good deal of needlessly heated controversy has arisen.

Dr. Munro concludes his book with a chapter on skulls and language. But at present these do not carry us very far beyond the fact that the Aryan Kelts were a late immigration into these islands and that the bulk of the British population still traces its descent, in part at least, to non-Aryan ancestors. The question of the Pictish language naturally turns up, and Dr. Munro ranges himself on the side of Professor Rhys' opponents who hold that it was Indo-European. But this is a question which cannot well be settled with the materials at present at our disposal. We must not forget to say that "Prehistoric Scotland" is admirably illustrated; many of the plates are taken from photographs and materially assist the reader in following the text.

### GROSSETESTE STATESMAN AND SAINT.

"Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln." By Francis Seymour Stevenson. London: Macmillan. 1899. 10s. net.

ROBERT GROSSETESTE was probably the greatest English Churchman of the whole period between the Norman Conquest and the Reformation. We do not forget that within those limits the Church of England numbered among her rulers Lanfranc, S. Anselm, S. Thomas of Canterbury, Stephen Langton, S. Edmund, and S. Hugh, every one of whom has held a larger place in the view of modern students than Robert Grosseteste; but none of them combined so many claims to distinction, none impressed himself on so many movements of his time, none commanded homage so various and so prolonged. As an ecclesiastical statesman he ranks with Lanfranc, as a saint he worthily stands beside S. Anselm, S. Edmund, and S. Hugh, as a champion of clerical privileges he falls not a whit behind S. Thomas, and as the protagonist of constitutional right he shares the fame of Stephen Langton. Where else are so many claims to the homage of posterity united in a single career? He touches the life of his time at so many points, and wherever he comes into view he fills the canvas of history. Born in 1175 and living into old age Grosseteste was necessarily brought into contact with some of the most remarkable men and movements of the mediæval epoch. He witnessed the rise, and presided over the first years of the University of Oxford; he was among the first to discern the spiritual possibilities of the new-born Mendicant Orders, and stood forward throughout his episcopate as their generous and unwavering patron: he was to the Episcopate of England in the thirteenth century all that Bishop Wilberforce was to the same Episcopate in the nineteenth. He held his bishopric in a difficult time: the National Churches of Europe were being wantonly sacrificed to the political interests of the See of Rome. Absorbed in the protracted and desperate conflict with the Empire, the Popes strained every prerogative, and abused every opportunity in order to wring from reluctant and half-scandalised Christendom the sinews of war. Political causes rendered the Church of England more than ordinarily helpless against the exactions of the Pope. Innocent IV. had good cause for describing this island as his "storehouse of delights, an inexhaustible well." England became the milch-cow of Rome. Grosseteste, marked out by his position as bishop of the most extensive bishopric in England, by his high and severe character, and his reputation as the most learned man of his age, had to meet this aggression of Roman cupidity. It is instructive to observe how, without deviating from the standard of mediæval orthodoxy, he opposed a firm resistance to the Papal claims. One of the most impressive episodes of mediæval history is the reading of his "sermon" or protest to Innocent IV. After describing with characteristic frankness the scandals of the time, he traces their cause to the corrupt system of which the Supreme Pontiff was the official chief. Popular tradition fastened on this aspect of Grosseteste's many-sided career. Matthew Paris, echoing the gossip of the time, describes the Pope as transported with rage at Grosseteste's famous letter to his official, Hugh Mortimer, in which he draws a suggestive distinction between the Pope acting apostolically and entitled to Christian obedience, and the Pope acting abusively and destitute of all right to Christian submission. "Who is this raving old man, this deaf and foolish dotard, who in his audacity and temerity judges my actions?" Mr. Stevenson rightly discounts Matthew Paris' good stories by his vehement prejudices and lively fancy. The conflict with the Pope coincided, very unfortunately for the Papacy, with a constitutional struggle within England itself. Grosseteste's attitude of discriminating loyalty to the worthless King was exactly parallel to the attitude which he maintained towards the Pope. He was the close personal friend of Earl Simon de Montfort, whom he restrained from disloyal action, and assisted with his advice and influence during the earlier stages of the movement, to which English-



men are accustomed to ascribe their parliamentary constitution. In October 1252, a few months before his death, Grosseteste took the lead in refusing a royal demand for a tenth of church revenues in spite of the fact that the "demand was supported and emphasised by a Papal mandate." To his mind the privileges of the clergy and the broader interests of popular liberty were inseparably allied: he avoided on policy perhaps hardly less than on principle the precincts of the Court, and espoused the constitutional cause as a part of episcopal duty.

Mr. Stevenson has succeeded in bringing before his readers a living picture of a personality, masterful yet singularly attractive. As a student, a theologian, and a scholastic philosopher Grosseteste was the wonder of his time. His knowledge of Greek was mainly acquired in his later years, and was not very happily bestowed on a translation of certain popular forgeries. It is interesting to notice, however, that his labours in this direction have secured for him an honourable mention in Bishop Lightfoot's great work on "The Apostolic Fathers," where an account is given of his translation of the "middle form" of the Ignatian Epistles, a version which is yet extant, and valuable for critical purposes on account of its "extreme literalness." This was the character of his later work when he had gained some facility in the language; his earlier translations were more doubtful performances. "He says that he extracted as best he could the meaning of the words, and added what was necessary to elucidate their meaning." The range and intensity of his intellectual interests even in old age remind us of Mr. Gladstone. He could find time to write a treatise on Domestic Economy for the guidance of his friend the Countess of Lincoln; to discuss in an elaborate treatise the burning question of the genuineness of the Sacred Blood sent to Henry III. and "certified by the seals of the Masters of the Templars and of the Hospitallers, by the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and by many archbishops, bishops, and abbots;" to compose a tractate on "The Principles of Kingship and of Tyranny" for the instruction of Simon de Montfort; to confute the Jews and direct the studies of Oxford; and to maintain a large correspondence. The impression made by Grosseteste on his contemporaries was very remarkable. Roger Bacon, who is by no means lavish of his eulogies, speaks with enthusiasm of "the Lord Robert of holy memory." Adam Marsh, his life-long friend, himself one of the most distinguished men of the time, wrote to Sewal, Archbishop of York a letter on the Papal Provisions in which he exalted "the sanctity, courage, and perseverance" of the deceased prelate. Matthew Paris overcame his resentment at the Bishop's steady support of the friars and severe attitude towards the older orders and described him in glowing terms. The people canonised him. "As early as 1255 Richard Earl of Cornwall, the King's brother, made a pilgrimage to the Bishop's tomb at Lincoln, and miracles are reported by Matthew Paris, as well as by the Burton and Tewkesbury annalists to have occurred there. In 1300 a special guardian had to be appointed for his tomb under the name of 'Custos Tumbe Santi Roberti,' and in 1314 Bishop Dalderby granted a forty days' indulgence to pilgrims who visited it." But Rome was silent, nor was that significant silence broken in deference to the urgent and reiterated pressure of Edward I., of the English Church, and of the University of Oxford. There is but one offence which the Charity of Rome cannot condone—criticism of the Papacy, and of that beyond question Grosseteste had been conspicuously guilty. He goes down to posterity as "a hammer and despoiler of the Romans."

Mr. Stevenson has written a valuable book for which all students of English history will be grateful. His careful and sympathetic study of Robert Grosseteste fills a lacuna in our ecclesiastical literature, which has too long reflected shame on our historical schools. We have read his work carefully from beginning to end with increasing appreciation, and cordially recommend it to the study of all who desire to understand one of the noblest characters of English history, and one of the greatest of the uncanonised saints of the Christian Church.

#### A HISTORY OF FRENCH ART.

"A History of French Art, 1100-1899." By Rose J. Kingsley. London: Longmans. 1899. 12s. 6d. net.

NO one person can possibly be thoroughly conversant with the whole field of Miss Kingsley's history; one or two people are versed in sections of it and have a general idea of others. A first-hand knowledge of painting is seldom accompanied by the like knowledge of architecture, and the man who is really at home, native-born in an art is not often an exact antiquary in its history as well. A book of this kind must therefore be a compilation not only of facts but of views; we can ask at most for skilful condensation of the best authorities with a more personal view of any part of which the author has made a special study.

Miss Kingsley's point of departure, we should imagine, has been the modern period in painting; working round and back from this she has attempted to furnish a connected view of the whole history of the three arts of architecture, sculpture, and painting in France from 1100 to the present day. Subsidiary and applied arts are not included. The author has been encouraged and aided in her scheme by the directors of French museums, who have put their specialist learning at her disposal. The result is a handy volume which we think will be of great service to students in search of first indications. The disproportion that gives one half of the volume to the nineteenth century will probably fall in with the requirements of such readers; they will find information fullest about the period that interests them most. But when they are prepared to make excursions into earlier times, to form some idea for example of the order of production and the authorship of eighteenth-century sculpture or seventeenth-century architecture, they will find both general view and particular indications very conveniently presented in these pages. It is a scissors-and-paste work, based on the authors cited in Miss Kingsley's list; but the work is done on an intelligent plan. For the arts of each period an introductory sketch is given, then come the chief names with short biography, followed by a capital feature, a select list of works with the places where they may be found. Gaps might be named here and there, but the book stands the test of demanding information from it by way of the index remarkably well. The critical side of course is open at many points to challenge, but Miss Kingsley, quite rightly in such a book, takes a temperate semi-official view.

We give this praise to the method and material of the book, but must add that Miss Kingsley is a poor hand at writing. Her grammar is very shaky, and almost every page is disfigured by sentences whose members are treated as independent statements. The first chapter "On the French Race and Soil" is full of such blunders, and is an example of shallow and fallacious thinking as well as careless expression. How astounding the statement, on the part of anyone who has rubbed the slightest acquaintance with French art that "for 800 years it has stood alone, individual and national, untouched by the schools of neighbouring nations." What an involved wheel of phrases the following! "All" (in the minor arts) "have helped in perfecting that expression of the artistic sense in France which has set its stamp of exquisite taste and distinct artistic quality on all that the nation has produced whether in the so-called fine arts or in manufactures." Bracket the phrases and give them a meaning and this comes to "All these arts have helped in perfecting that art which has set its stamp of perfect art on all the works of art." Then we have the usual sham profundity of argument that each country, its race and climate being what they are, must have produced the art they did. It is safer however to argue from the art to the race than to reverse the process. When Miss Kingsley tells us that the Roman Conquest gave French art precision and distinctness, and that "there is nothing tentative or nebulous in the works of art or of literature that France has produced" she forgets the nebulous art of Corot, the tentative art of many an impressionist, besides a great deal of literature. Mallarmé is not the most lucid of writers. A useful book like Miss Kingsley's may look forward to

fresh editions; we should advise her to cut out this chapter and to get some literary friend to revise her sentences.

#### ANGLO-SAXON WORTHIES.

"Anglo-Saxon Bishops, Kings and Nobles." By William George Searle, Queen's College, Cambridge. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1899. 20s.

THIS solid volume will be welcomed by all students of old English history, to whom (in spite of certain weak points) it must prove of infinite service. The amount of labour which it must have cost its industrious compiler fills the reader's heart with awe. We were wont to consider the *Registrum Sacrum Anglicanum* as the furthest point to which inquiry on the Anglo-Saxon bishoprics could go: but a glance at the present compilation shows us that there was still an enormous amount of additional information to be collected.

Mr. Searle's book falls into two parts: the first is an expansion and recasting of the materials collected by Bishop Stubbs for the admirable volume on the Succession to the English Sees which he published in 1858. The second consists of a series of genealogical tables of the rulers of the Heptarchic realms, of the kings of all England from Egbert onward, and of such of the great noble families of the ninth tenth and eleventh centuries as have left records behind them.

The *Registrum Sacrum* had given a chronological succession, so far as was possible, of bishops of all the sees of England. To this Mr. Searle has added an apparatus which enables us in many cases to fix far more exactly the dates of these rather shadowy prelates. Under each name he has collected all the important charters which each bishop gave or attested, with a careful indication of the earliest and latest which are found. When there is any doubt as to the genuineness of such documents they are indicated by having a star (\*) prefixed to them. It only needs a short glance through a few of these tables to show how difficult is the task essayed. There are two main sources of error: the first is the existence of two bishops of the same name in different sees at the same moment. It is often hard and sometimes impossible to separate them. The second and more exasperating difficulty is that caused by Norman copyists in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, to whom all Saxoa names seemed barbarous. They could not distinguish between Eadwulf and Ealdwulf, or between Aelfhere and Ealhere, or between Wulfsige and Aelfsige. The hopeless forms which some names assumed under their pen might baffle the most ingenious seeker after dates. Who would recognise S. Eorconweald under the corruption "Frignu-aldus," or Bishop Heardred under that of "Harchelus"? It is a pleasure to see how often Mr. Searle has solved these odd riddles and enigmas.

Absolute correctness in every point is of course not to be expected when an author has to deal with many hundreds of isolated names and dates. We note for example on p. 25 that the death date of Wini bishop of London is given as "between 666 and 675." But it is clear that he was still alive when Theodore of Tarsus reached England in 669, and there is a statement, probably correct, that he resigned as late as 672. It is not certain that Tyrhtel second bishop of Hereford is "unmentioned by Bede" (p. 106). He is very probably "Tytilus," the notary of Theodore of Tarsus, who attended at the synod of Hertford in 673 (Bede, iv. 5). That "Tytilus" is an English and not a foreign name, is shown by the fact that it was borne by the father of Redwald of East Anglia (*ibid.* ii. 15). Again Wynfrith (p. 128) was not merely "Merciorum Episcopus" as he is called by Florence of Worcester, but bishop of the Mercians, Middle Angles and Lindisfaras (Bede iv. 3). But it is useless and ungrateful to collect small points of this kind where so much good work has been done.

The second part of Mr. Searle's work, containing the royal genealogies of the Heptarchy, is even more complicated than that which goes before it. In many cases we have double and treble variants of the descent of some of the best known kings, and it is very

hard to find reasons for preferring one version to the other. A stout volume of commentary might be written on such questions as the succession of the later Kentish monarchs, or the relationship to each other of the various pretenders who disputed the Northumbrian crown in the eighth century. By Mr. Searle's assistance the student who wishes to take such a task in hand has all the material laid before him in a compendious form. Too many of our modern historians of the Saxon times have simply passed over these difficulties. He would be a sanguine man who supposed that he would find anything to help him on such points in Green or even in Freeman. Yet they require to be looked up: early Northumbrian history, for example, must be reconstructed by aid of them and of the much-ved Nennius. By such a combination "Ossa with the Knife" and such-like princes may resume their rightful places in our history books. The scholar will be interested to see how much can be worked out from charters concerning some of the most obscure of these royal houses—a very fair table of the sub-kings of Hwiccia for example is compiled on pages 362-65. Sometimes Mr. Searle seems a little too sanguine in his identification, on the other hand he is occasionally more tentative than seems necessary. We should, for instance, follow Professor York Powell without hesitation in giving Eohric as the son of Guthrum-Ethelstan, instead of deriving him from "N. N." as father. But criticism of this kind is disarmed in face of Mr. Searle's enormous and praiseworthy industry in accumulating the materials of history.

#### HOMERIC HYMNS.

"Homeric Hymns." By Andrew Lang. London: George Allen. 1899. 7s. 6d.

THE great "Homeric" Hymns are four in number, and are addressed to Apollo, Hermes, Aphrodite, and Demeter. They vary in length from 294 to 580 lines, and are clearly adapted not for singing but for recitation. Two other hymns, those to Dionysus and Pan, contain 59 and 49 lines respectively. To these are added 27 short invocations of from three to 22 lines apiece, addressed to various deities. The majority of this last class resemble somewhat closely the collection that passes under the name of Orpheus; and as the Orphic hymns were employed for purposes of actual worship (witness the rubric attached to each, indicating what particular kind of incense is to be burnt on the occasion of its use), so we may conclude that in these lesser "Homeric" poems we have something analogous to a set of "proper" office-hymns of certain festivals, though mixed up with them are what seem to be religious preambles to the recitation of rhapsodists. The longer pieces have no real parallel in Christian hymnology; but, if compositions approximately similar existed in the Church, they would probably have to be used as sequences, if used at all.

This series of religious poems Mr. Lang has translated. As this translation, unlike that of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, is hardly meant *virginibus puerisque*, and as, moreover, the hymns themselves are after all in no case quite Homeric in diction, he has, perhaps unconsciously, employed a less severely simple style of expression than that which several generations of schoolboys have, to their great advantage, learnt to associate with his name. To this the critic can take no just exception; nor indeed can he object to the occasional use of the Scots instead of the English language. He might as well insist on Mr. Andrew Lang styling himself on the title-page Mr. "Long." The Stagyism of Aristotle and the Patavinity of Livy constitute a precedent with which we have no desire to quarrel.

Nearly half the volume consists of introductory essays, the main gist of which is to establish some sort of connexion between Greek mythology as it appears in these hymns, and the religious ideas of various races, savage and otherwise, in all parts of the world. With this aim a mass of interesting information is brought together; but it is very hard to see how any organic relation can subsist between the myths of Red Indians, aboriginal Australians, and Greeks. The languages also of the most widely separated races have certain



points of resemblance, but philologists have long abandoned the attempt to establish a unity between the Aryan and non-Aryan groups, tempting on the face of it though the task may be. Comparative mythology likewise may have some day to take in a few of its sails.

But, except on the hypothesis that the author is poking sly fun, what is to be said of such a sentence as this (p. 81)? "In Peru, under the Incas, we actually find Mama and Cora (Demeter and Koré) as goddesses of the maize. . . ." The equivalence of Mama and *μήτηρ* and the similarity between Cora and *Κόρη* render this statement highly effective; but no amount of observation and no extensiveness of view will ever make it probable that the Incas talked Doric. Indeed Mr. Lang himself recognises in the plainest language that there can be no question here of borrowing; and the outlandish legends and ceremonies, of which these essays are full, are mentioned simply as being parallel to and as throwing light upon the evolution of Greek legends and ceremonies. Now if it is a fact that the religions of the Pawnees and Polynesians have spontaneously developed on such lines that they really throw a valuable light on the details of the religion of a different race in a distant portion of the globe, the matter is one of which not only the mythologist but the theologian should take careful notice. But the classical scholar especially will require to be convinced, by much stronger arguments than Mr. Lang offers, that it is possible to apply with safety to the Aryan creeds arguments based on non-Aryan mythologies: the analogy of language points so unmistakably in the opposite direction. Yet doubts such as these do not detract from the interest attaching to Mr. Lang's book. Perhaps, indeed, the fact that the author is avowedly walking on debatable ground adds somewhat to the reader's relish.

The excellent illustrations, representing statues, reliefs and the like, deserve a special word of praise as regards execution; but, charming though they be, they are ornamental rather than instructive.

#### HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

"The Rose of Judah." By George Griffith. London: Pearson. 1899. 6s.

"One Queen Triumphant." By Frank Mathew. New York and London: Lane. 1899. 6s.

"The King of Claddagh." By Thomas Fitzpatrick. London: Sands. 1899. 6s.

"Soldier Rigdale." By Buelah Marie Dix. London: Macmillan. 1899. 6s.

"The Favor of Princes." By Mark Lee Luther. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1899. 6s.

"Janice Meredith." By Paul Leicester Ford. London: Constable. 1899. 6s.

THE great historical romance is a thing of—well, history. It were unreasonable no doubt to expect one in twenty so-called historical novels to be even superficially good. But if five per cent. are not good, five per cent. might perhaps lay claim to respectability; the rest are commonplace modernity. Of the half-dozen novels before us none is absolutely bad and one or two are entitled to "honourable mention." They will serve the purpose of the patrons of the circulating and railway libraries, but with that their utility and their claims end.

The language of "The Rose of Judah" is modern enough to escape that irritating stiltedness so characteristic of most novels of its class; and yet it savours sufficiently of ancient times to carry you into the heart of that wicked, entrancing city of Babylon. Once there, a spell is cast over the imagination: the luxury and the dignity, the civilisation and the utter barbarity of its wonderful people; their palaces, their hanging gardens, their recklessness of life and their devilish religious rites carry you with a sustained interest through the book. It is certainly sad that, as the love of the young reprobate King Belshazzar for the beautiful Jewess, Miriam Rose of Judah, was "the one pure passion of his life," it should have led him to commit crimes that apparently were not tolerated even in those days of rapacity and bloodshed. Mr. Griffith

describes some of the ceremonial of the great god Bel with a rather surprising plainness of language. Perhaps, of the chief characters in the book "the Rose of Judah" is the least interesting. At the end poetic justice and a fair share of conventional happiness will gladden the heart of the optimistic reader.

Mr. Mathew's new novel is carefully studied and delicately wrought, in the same style as his "Defender of the Faith." Queen Elizabeth, the Queen of Scots, and Walsingham are all living characters, moving in an undeniable sixteenth-century atmosphere, and the book will charm all who prefer portraiture to passion, in spite of the dreamy inertness of its scenes and the staccato construction of its dialogues. Mr. Mathew's gifts are no less real than rare, and some day he should achieve greater success.

In "The King of Claddagh" are gathered together elements sure to awaken sympathy, elements of which much has in times past been made by skilful writers and dramatists. They are, however, arranged but indifferently well. The story is of a stirring time, when Cromwell's "saints" occupied Galway; and there is a double love theme, with accessories in the way of jealousy, peasant courtesy, priestly courage, Sassenach nobility, Puritan cant, and Celtic treachery. The reader who would follow Dr. Fitzpatrick through the complications of the plot must come to the task girded with more than the novel-reader's desire to be amused. He must possess a ravening wish for local knowledge. He must be prepared for a prolix exposition of much that is generally allowed at the present day even by the Protector's panegyrists; and he must be courteous to a style that is pedagogic in tone and occasionally very slipshod in construction. Dr. Fitzpatrick's strenuous treatment of a subject that evidently lies very close to his heart will but deepen the regret of those who may have expected from him something better than is "The King of Claddagh."

"Soldier Rigdale" is the story of a little boy who goes out in the "Mayflower," with the founders of the colony of Plymouth in America. A great deal of the book is written in the stilted language which conveys to most authors any period in England between the twelfth and the eighteenth centuries. When the author, engaged in describing some event, inadvertently lapses into the English of to-day, the writing at once becomes effective, though in places the grammar is a little careless. The study of the boy's character is thoughtful and lifelike.

The reign of Louis XV. is not an agreeable or pleasant period in French history to dwell upon. But Mr. Mark Lee Luther has, in "The Favor of Princes," given us a stirring and enjoyable story. A succession of portraits of Louis XV. the "Well-Beloved"! of Madame de Pompadour, and of the Duc de Choiseul, are life-like, though only just touched in. Mr. Luther has erred we think woefully in his opening chapter by his realistic passage describing the diabolical tortures inflicted on Damiens, who had, at the time the story opens, just made a futile attempt on the King's life; the detailing of such horrors does not fit in with the brightness of the narration. Nor is it agreeable to find this new "Gentleman of France," writing his own story it is to be supposed soon after the occurrence of the events he describes, using such up-to-date vulgarisms as "voicing" somebody's sentiments or feelings, or, describing one of a mounted escort, riding at the "Forward Hub" of an equipage—or, when the King, in a confidential interview is betrayed into saying, "Oh! but this is too funny!" On the whole, the style is breathless and hurried, but the author can tell a story.

Mr. Ford moves easily amid the ever-shifting scenery of the American revolutionary period and amongst the representative characters that crowd his stage. But his efforts would have been crowned with more success had he been briefer by some hundreds of pages. Janice is the daughter of a middle-aged Tory settler in New Jersey and whilst her "true love" appears to this fanciful, wayward, tantalising, but withal bewitching creature in the early pages of the book it takes more than 500 closely printed pages to achieve the only possible ending to the romance. Mr. Ford brings before us a vivid representation of the social, political,

and religious conditions in America towards the close of the eighteenth century; and many of his situations are worked up with great skill and attractiveness. A pleasing feature of the book is its manifest attempt to be fair, to give tribute where tribute is due. This is exemplified in the words put into the mouth of Washington: "we have ended the mother-country's rule of us, but 'tis probable her children will never cease to feel affection for the one who gave them being." Apparently the character of Jack Brereton is founded to some extent on the career of Washington's hot-tempered uncle Alexander Hamilton.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Francis Lieber, his Life and Political Philosophy." By R. Harley. New York: Columbia University Press; Macmillan Company. 1899. 7s. 6d.

Francis Lieber the German refugee to America whose fame was great about the middle of the century as an American writer on Government, politics and international law and also as the originator of the "Encyclopædia Americana" died in 1872. A "Life and Letters of Francis Lieber" by Thomas Sergeant Perry was published in 1883 but no doubt it is pretty well forgotten by this time, and Mr. Harley's book gives more comprehensively the broader outlines of Lieber's life for the convenience of such students as are interested in a man whose works are not attractive to the ordinary professional politician or lawyer but which are undoubtedly important contributions to philosophical politics and law. We should ourselves prefer the more gossipy pages of Mr. Perry: but Mr. Harley has very severely repressed much of the personal and reminiscent element in order to present the severer and more learned side of Lieber as a university professor, publicist and jurist. We hope this biography of Lieber with its exposition of his political writings may arouse new interest in a man who greatly influenced political and legal thought in his day, and was the admiration of Continental jurists like Bluntschli and great men of his adopted country like Story and Kent who regarded him as the greatest of speculators and historians upon modern conditions of citizenship and government.

"Specimens of English Prose, from Malory to Carlyle." Selected by Bertha M. S. Kent. London: Blackie. 1899. 1s. 6d.

This compilation is a handbook of specimens intended to accompany the reading of a Primer of History of English Literature by scholars in the Upper Forms of Public Schools. It is a small book of some 200 pages only and it follows that specimens of all English writers of prose cannot be included nor any large excerpts from their works. If it were not for the plan, and the severe taste which has guided the compiler who is a lady of great educational experience, there might be a prejudice against the book as a collection of "snippets." But it is quite clear that no young scholar can read complete books of many authors whose names he yet becomes acquainted with in reading a history of English literature. He is taught that prose style has grown from archaism to modernity but he cannot make first-hand acquaintance with the catena of writers illustrating this. We know no better way of tracing this historical growth of prose through a long period of time than such a selection as this from the greatest writers, and if a scholar has a real taste for reading he will be guided by the interest of the extracts to the books themselves. To each specimen is appended an analysis of style excellently done and contributing much to the working out of the general idea.

"Book Prices Current." Vol. XIII. London: Elliot Stock. 1899. 30s. net.

The fact that this record of the prices of books sold by auction has now reached its thirteenth year proves its usefulness. The work has become necessary to both collectors and booksellers. The present volume is as carefully printed and well bound as its predecessors and leaves but little to be desired. There are a few misprints but as a whole it is wonderfully correct. Several important books which appeared in the sale catalogues as complete copies but were found to be otherwise and were consequently sold "with all faults" are not so described by Mr. Slater. This is a pity, because the prices they realised would of course be absurd for perfect copies. These oversights will probably not occur in the next volume. Mr. Slater's views as to the present and future value of books from the collector's point of view are no doubt justified.

"A Birthday Book; being a book of Verse and Pithy Sayings for each day in the year." Collected and arranged by M. L. Gwynn. London: Methuen. 12s.

This is not an ordinary birthday book. It is handsome and bulky: and it affords evidence of extensive delving among ancient and modern writers for appropriate mottoes. Friends' birthdays are events which are apt to escape the memory even when recorded in a birthday book of the usual sort and size, but there will be less than the average risk of being forgotten if the anniversary is duly recorded in Mrs. Gwynn's charming

volume. The cover is an invitation to peep inside, just as the extracts from so many varied sources are an invitation to turn the leaves.

"Hints on Mess Management." By P. M. C. London: Simpkin, Marshall. 1899. 1s. 6d.

This little work contains nothing new or unknown to most line officers. At the present time it may be of considerable use to mess presidents of embodied Militia battalions whose sole previous mess experience has been derived from the totally different circumstances of a month's mess in a tent.

#### THE FEBRUARY REVIEWS.

The Queen's Speech makes it clear that Parliament will have neither time nor money to devote to matters other than those affecting or affected by the war. Hence there can be little hope that such questions as the London housing problem discussed by Mr. H. Percy Harris in the "National Review" will be dealt with, and Mr. Harris's suggestion that municipalities should avail themselves of the powers they already possess gains point. As with Parliament, so with the reviews. The crisis chiefly absorbs their attention, the most noteworthy contributions being such as would usually find their way into "The United Service Magazine"—a monthly which has a great opportunity just now. Papers like Mr. W. H. Mallock's on Dogmatic Christianity, and Mr. Thomas Barclay's "A Lance for the French" in the "Fortnightly," like Mr. Robert Buchanan's in the "Contemporary" in reply to Sir Walter Besant's on Kiplingism and the ethics of literature and criticism, and like "The Tory Future" in "Blackwood's," are in danger of being overlooked. "The Tory Future" is a peculiarly incisive exposition of Tory characteristics and claims, as the following passage will show:—"Toryism in its essence, or Toryism properly so called, is less a philosophy than a frame of the Anglo-Saxon mind—which is perhaps the reason why it has never been analysed. No Oriental could be a Tory if he tried, though Solomon had a firm grasp of its principles. Nor could a Hellene, though there is much sound doctrine in Aristotle; nor a Roman, though the best Romans may remind you of our Parliament in the days of Pitt. The French aristocrat, even of the old French, was as foreign to the true Tory spirit as the agrarian junker himself. The Celt, of all times and conditions, is out of court, as an incarnate protest against the nature of things; for the nature of things is precisely what the Tory accepts. You shall not find the doctrine set forth in Bolingbroke, though he was the first Tory leader; nor in Disraeli, though he would have revived a spirit of which he was himself incapable. It is not as Cardinal Newman and others have vainly imagined, a loyalty to persons; but rather, on the precise contrary, a loyalty to institutions. All political parties, no doubt, as Ruskin complains, resolve themselves, in a sense, into two: that which holds, with Solomon, that a rod is for the fool's back; and that which holds, with the fool himself, that a crown is for his head, a vote for his mouth, and all the universe for his belly. Yet the Tory, though he objects to folly, will no more rest satisfied with the most efficient of bureaucracies than with a paternal despotism. Again, this faith (or frame of mind) is no prerogative of the landed classes—though the landed classes, by force of their traditions and duties, are its natural custodians and exponents. . . . Toryism is the national as well as the popular party. The oldest Toryism was an expression of nationalism, a protest of the nation, under the leadership of the older gentry, against the dominance of the Whigs. Whiggery was a family conspiracy for place, a sort of oligarchical Plan of Campaign, pursued by a social caste, founded originally on the confiscation of Church lands, which settled its hold on its possessions in the Great Rebellion, seized control of the State at the Revolution, and used the cant of a democratic philosophy—which resulted, abroad, in the establishment of the republics of France and America—to cover an attempt to put the English Crown into commission, and to convert the king into a Doge."

If Her Majesty's advisers and if the advisers of Her Majesty's advisers are not convinced that they have made a woeful hash of Imperial interests, their scepticism will not be attributable to the monthly review: the Tory critic is as severe as the Radical. "An Englishman" in the "National" makes the discovery that all our troubles are traceable to the senility of Ministers; Mr. H. W. Massingham in the "Contemporary" goes one better, and seems anxious to fix responsibility on the Universities. "When the fine flower of Oxford scholarship can produce no better fruit than the administration and diplomacy of Sir Alfred Milner it is indeed time to consider what is wrong with the Republic." When the fine flower of ultra-Radicalism can produce no better fruit than the rhetoric of Mr. H. W. Massingham it is indeed time to consider what is wrong with Republicanism. Mr. Massingham belongs to the order of Little Englanders who, as "Blackwood's" puts it, continue to take themselves seriously. Whether "An Englishman's" indictment of a condition to which we shall all attain if we live long enough is entitled to much more credit than Mr. Massingham's "Cry for Capacity" is a question which will be answered according as the number of the reader's years are moderate or many. The

(Continued on page 152.)



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reviewer has at least a Napoleonic dictum to support his case. "A soixante ans, on n'est plus bon à rien." "A Bismarck, a Blucher, and a Moltke are the exceptions rather than the rule: for one old man who has done well in great emergencies or national crises a dozen may be cited who have done very badly." The Ministry has allowed itself to be surprised and "An Englishman" would cashier a Government which does that; as Napoleon said, generals who were surprised should be cashiered. Obviously on these terms Ministers and Generals alike would be superseded. "In hardly any instance," says "Miles" in the "Contemporary," "except in the minor operations conducted by Sir Archibald Hunter, Colonel Baden-Powell, Colonel Kekewich, General French, and Colonel Plumer, have the Boers been surprised by us." That was written before Spion Kop—a surprise for the Boers indistinguishable from a surprise for ourselves. According to "Miles" "the mere A B C of the business of war has to be learnt by our war leaders." He criticises them the more freely because he is confident that the "Contemporary" is not likely to fall into Tommy Atkins' hands and consequently there is no risk of undermining Tommy's faith in his officers. The notion is absurd. What of the halfpenny papers with their eagerness for anything and everything sensational? They will not leave such criticism unquoted. "Miles" thinks that the one lesson which must not be learnt from the war is that we should turn the bulk of our infantry into mounted men. Only the mounted infantryman from the Colonies, whose training has been analogous to that of the Boers themselves, can hope to be an immediate match for the enemy. He supports General Buller's objection to mounted infantry, but as General Buller is now mounting as many men as he conveniently can, experience we take it is showing Sir Redvers that his original views were false. What the future of the war is to be no one now ventures to predict. How long are the Boers capable of holding out? What are their resources? Mr. W. R. Lawson in the "National" affords us an idea of the condition and capabilities of their war chest. "Between financing, commandeering, taxing, fining, looting, confiscating, coining other people's gold, forced currency and ultimate bankruptcy, the war chest has so many feeders as well as so many methods of economising that we might be laying up fresh disappointments for ourselves if we made too sure of its running dry very soon."

When the war is over if not before there must be rigorous inquiry into the working of the central machinery which has gone hopelessly wrong at so many points. Major Arthur Griffiths in the "Fortnightly" and the "Cornhill," Sir George Arthur in the "Fortnightly," Mr. Spenser Wilkinson in the "National" and the "Nineteenth," Sir Herbert Maxwell, Viscount de Vesci, and the late Sir George Chesney in the "Nineteenth" and an anonymous writer in "Blackwood's" all point out radical defects which will have to be investigated. Sir George Arthur attributes our troubles to procrastination and parsimony, and like Sir Herbert Maxwell and Lord de Vesci is of opinion that we shall have to develop immediately some scheme for compulsory service in the Militia, the status of which must be improved. Mr. Spenser Wilkinson thinks the Government too large for the efficient control of Imperial interests and suggests the creation of a small cabinet of special men, which would not include the heads of departments unconcerned with Imperial affairs. Sir George Chesney's attack on the War Office reprinted by the "Nineteenth Century" from its volume of 1891, is naturally a little belated. Much more to the point is a review of the work of the War Office since the creation of the Committee of National Defence and the appointment of Lord Wolseley to the post previously held by the Duke of Cambridge. That is what Major Arthur Griffiths gives us in the "Fortnightly." He condemns the arrangement of 1895 because it places power wholly in the hands of the civil authorities and reduces the Commander-in-Chief to something little better than a figure-head. Major Griffiths states his case concisely: "Lord Wolseley is only one, the first no doubt but still one, of the five great officers on the staff of the Secretary of State for War. The sole control and management of a business of the most varied and intricate character were assumed by a cabinet minister with no sort of practical experience, who moreover by dwarfing the status of the best expert available had cut himself off by his support and guidance. This is indeed the cardinal defect of the present system. There is no intermediary between the Civil head and his chief subordinates. . . . No one is capable of controlling experts but an expert with higher authority and greater knowledge."

The February number of "The Law Magazine and Review" in addition to its more solid contents contains interesting lighter articles on the Early History of Legal Studies in England by Mr. Joseph Walton, Q.C., and In-Memoriam of Lord Penzance by Dr. Tristram, Q.C. Current Notes on International Law by Sir Sherston Baker and an article on the Alaskan Boundary Question are politico-legal. Sir Sherston Baker examines critically Professor Westlake's distinction between the "legal" and the political grounds for the war against the Transvaal.

For This Week's Books see page 182.

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REPORT adopted at the HALF-YEARLY ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING, the 1st February, 1900.

WILLIAM EGERTON HUBBARD, Esq., in the Chair.

The Directors, in submitting to the Shareholders the Balance-sheet for the half-year ending 31st December last, have to report that, after paying interest to customers and all charges, making provision for bad and doubtful debts, and allowing £64,355 16s. 3d. for rebate on bills not due, the net profits amount to £346,210 19s. 5d. From this sum have been deducted £25,000 transferred to Premises Account, and £100,000 carried to Reserve Fund, leaving £221,210 19s. 5d., which with £67,965 10s. 5d. balance brought forward from last account, leaves available the sum of £289,176 9s. 10d.

The Directors have declared a Dividend for the half-year of 10 per cent., together with a Bonus of One per cent., which will require £220,000, leaving the sum of £69,176 9s. 10d. to be carried to the Profit and Loss New Account. The present Dividend, added to that paid to 30th June, will make 22 per cent. for the year 1899.

The Directors retiring by rotation are William Anastasius Jones, Esq., John Green, Esq., and William Gair Rathbone, Esq., who, being eligible, offer themselves for re-election.

The Directors report with much regret the decease of Mr. H. J. Lemon, Chief Inspector, a highly esteemed Officer, whose connection with the Bank extended over 45 years.

The Dividend and Bonus, £2 4s. per Share, free of Income Tax, will be payable at the Head Office, or at any of the Branches, on or after Monday, 12th February.

## BALANCE-SHEET

Of the London and County Banking Company, Limited, 31st December, 1899.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	Cr.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Capital subscribed £8,000,000							By Cash at the Head Office and Branches, and with Bank of England	7,717,877	17	4			
Paid up				2,000,000	0	0	Loans at Call and at Notice, covered by Securities	3,309,797	18	9			
Reserve Fund				1,375,000	0	0					11,027,675	26	1
Due by the Bank on Current Accounts, on Deposit Accounts, with Interest accrued, Circular Notes, &c.				45,124,907	0	11	Investments, viz.:-						
Liabilities on Acceptances, covered by Cash, or Securities or Bankers' Guarantees				1,383,429	13	6	Consols (2½ per Cent.) registered and in Certificates, and New 2½ per Cents., £6,801,991 7s. 11d.; Canada 4 per Cent. Bonds, and Egyptian 3 per Cent. Bonds, Guaranteed by the British Government	7,433,271	1	10			
Rebate on Bills not due carried to next Account				64,355	16	3	India Government Stock and Debentures, and India Government Guaranteed Railway Shares, Stock and Debentures, Metropolitan and other Corporation Stocks, Debenture Bonds, English Railway Debenture Stock and Colonial Bonds	1,034,359	11	11			
Net Profit for the Half-Year, after making provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts	346,210	19	5				Other Securities	1,942,246	15	1			
Transferred to Premises Account	25,000	0	0				Discounted Bills Current	4,334	10	0			
Carried to Reserve Fund	321,210	19	5				Advances to Customers at the Head Office and Branches	10,167,286	15	2			
	100,000	0	0				Liabilities of Customers for Drafts accepted by the Bank (as per Contra)	26,829,227	12	0			
	221,210	19	5				Freehold Premises in Lombard Street and Nicholas Lane, Freehold and Leasehold Property at the Branches, with Fixtures and Fittings				26,996,514	7	8
Profit and Loss Balance brought from last Account	67,965	10	5				Less Amount transferred from Profit and Loss	25,000	0	0			
				289,176	9	10					415,097	4	11
											£50,236,929	0	6

## Profit and Loss Account.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	Cr.	£	s.	d.
To Interest paid to Customers	196,449	14	9	By Balance brought forward from last Account	67,965	10	5
Salaries and all other Expenses at Head Office and Branches, including Income Tax on Profits and Salaries	266,084	12	9	Gross Profit for the Half-Year, after making provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts, and including Rebate £43,227 12s. 3d. brought from 30th June last	873,101	3	8
Transferred to the credit of Premises Account	25,000	0	0				
Carried to Reserve Fund	100,000	0	0				
Rebate on Bills not due, carried to New Account	64,355	16	3				
Dividend 10 per cent. for the Half-Year	220,000	0	0				
Bonus 1 per cent.	20,000	0	0				
Balance carried forward	69,176	9	10				
	289,176	9	10				
	£941,066	13	7		£941,066	13	7

Examined and audited by us,

(Signed)

WM. A. JONES,  
W. G. RATHBONE,  
J. D. THOMSON,

Audit Committee of Directors.

H. DEAN, Head Office Manager.  
J. B. JAMES, Country Manager.  
WM. HALL, Chief Accountant.London and County Banking Company, Limited,  
15th January, 1900.

We have examined the foregoing Balance-sheet and Profit and Loss Account, have verified the Cash-Balance at the Bank of England, the Stocks there registered, and the other investments of the Bank. We have also examined the several Books and Vouchers showing the Cash-Balances, Bills, and other Amounts set forth, the whole of which are correctly stated; and we are of opinion this Balance-sheet and Profit and Loss Account are full and fair, properly drawn up, and exhibit a true and correct view of the Company's affairs as shown by the books of the Company.

(Signed)

E. H. CUNARD,  
For H. GRANT,  
F. H. DANGAR,  
THOS. HORWOOD,

Auditors.

London and County Banking Company, Limited,  
18th January, 1900.

## LONDON &amp; COUNTY BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend on the Capital of the Company at the rate of 10 per cent. for the half-year ending 31st December, 1899, together with a Bonus of 1 per cent., will be payable to the Shareholders either at the Head Office, 21 Lombard Street, or at any of the Company's Branches, on or after Monday, the 12th inst.

By order of the Board,

J. H. ATKINSON, Secretary.

21 Lombard Street, 2nd February, 1900.

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